

1/2d.

Daily Mirror

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

WE MAKE THE CHOICE EASY.

(See page 16.)

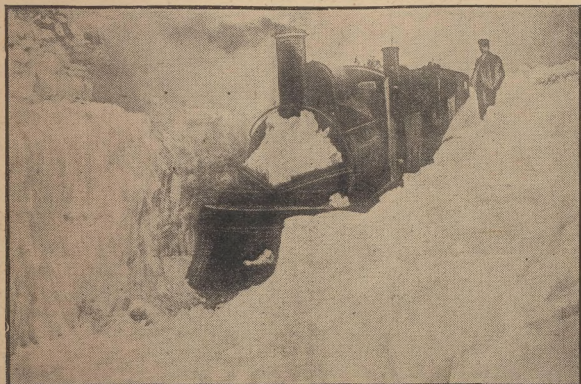
No. 331.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

BLIZZARD SCENES YESTERDAY ON SNOW-BLOCKED RAILWAY LINES.

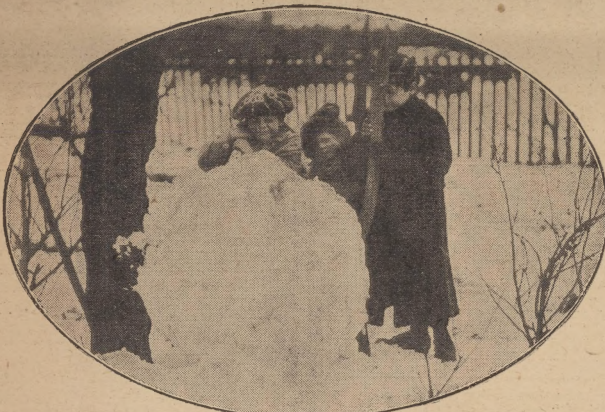


Digging a way for trains on the North British Railway.



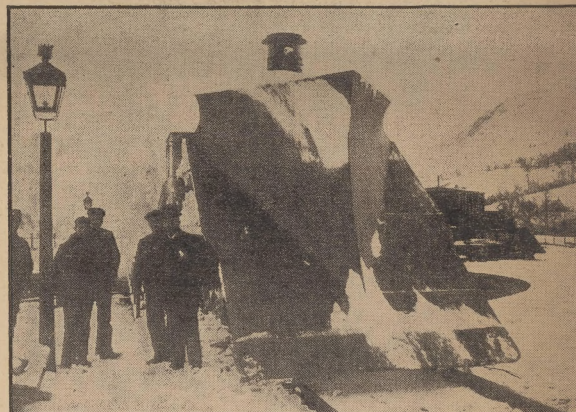
Clearing snow from the London and North-Western Railway line.

FIRST GAME OF SNOW PUSHBALL.



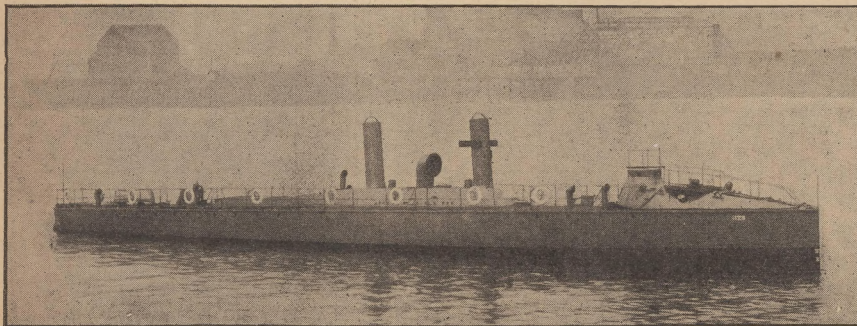
The snowfall has been great enough to allow of this exhilarating amusement. Throughout the country the pedestrian has had to dodge snowballs.

A SNOW-PLUGH ON THE LINE.



A snow-plough of enormous power, in use on the Highland Railway during the recent storm.

ENGLISH TORPEDO-BOAT CAROLINE SOLD TO THE RUSSIANS.



Built at Yarrow's yards, on the Thames. It is said that the Russians bought her, and that she escaped to Libau before the British Government could interfere.

TO-DAY'S BRIDE.



Miss Jessie Ilbert, to be married to Mr. George Young, eldest son of Sir George Young, Bart.

BIRTHS.

GIBBON.—On November 22, at 11, Rupert-road, Bedford Park, the wife of J. M. Gibbon, of a son.
HANNAY.—On the 22nd inst., at 10, Finchley-road, St. John's Wood, the wife of David Ferguson Hannay, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

SOLDMITH—OWEN.—On November 22, at St. Mary the Virgin, Prittlewell, by the Rev. F. R. Burnside, rector of Great St. James, and the Rev. G. J. Mayhew, vicar of St. Andrew, the Rev. Canon Arnold, younger son of Edward J. Goldsmith, J.P., Gray, Essex, to Florence Muriel, only daughter of Walter Campbell Owen, of Glenside, Southend-on-Sea.
GOODBODY—MATHIESON.—On the 22nd inst., at St. George's Church, Campden-hill, W., by the Rev. John Robbins, vicar of the parish, assisted by the Rev. H. Hannam, and the Rev. Canon Arnold, younger son of Edward J. Goldsmith, J.P., Gray, Essex, to Florence Muriel, only daughter of Walter Campbell Owen, of Glenside, Southend-on-Sea.

DEATHS.

BASSANO.—On November 21, at Boreham, Lower Haverley, Gloucestershire, the beloved wife of Frank Bassano, of 10, St. George's-road, London, of a heart disease.
HANNEN.—On Tuesday, November 22, at 10, St. Stephen's, Victoria-gate, W., Mary Fanny, wife of Edward C. Hannen, and youngest daughter of the late Sir Nicholas Hannen, of Blenheim Palace, Oxford.
LAFITTE.—On November 22, at 16, Dryton-green-road, West Haling, Martha Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Orlando and Martha Laffitte, aged sixty-six.

HOT WATER INSTANTLY night or day.
HOT BATH in 5 minutes whenever wanted.
EDWARDS' PATENT Hot Water to any tap in house, without Kitchen Fire. Inspectors' certificates. Write for particulars.
336, EUSTON-ROAD, London, N.W.

PERSONAL.

BABS.—How you are not ill. Darling—ROSE.
SWEETHEART—So lovely. Will you, Dearie, Slathers.
—SPOILED PET.
DEAREST EM.—Do write. Longing to hear from you. Your devoted, WILLI F. ST.
MUKDEN.—Hold on as long as you can. I will meet you as soon as I am free. It is waste of time and risky to divorce. M.

* The above advertisements are received up to 5 p.m., and are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the notice of the advertiser by post, without payment. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s., and 6d. per word after. Address: Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 2, Cannon-street, London.

THEATRES and MUSIC-HALLS.

DAILY'S THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS. EVERY EVENING at 8.15, the new Musical Pantomime, entitled "THE CINGALEE." MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mr. TREE. EVERY EVENING at 8.20 punctually. SHAKESPEARE'S COMPANY. "THE TEMPEST."

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.
IMPERIAL.—MR. LEWIS WALLER. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.15. "The Romantic Play entitled HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANT."

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.
ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. Sole Lessee and Manager. TONIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 9. LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN. By George Wilke.

At 8.15, THE DECEASED NIB, by Joshua Bates. MATINEE (both plays) WEDS. and SATS., 2.15.

MR. ROBERT ARTHUR'S LONDON THEATRES.
KENNINGTON THEATRE, Tel. 1006 Hop.—TONIGHT at 7.45, MATINEE TONIGHT at 2.30, Mr. George Edwards' company in THE CHICKEN COOP, with Mr. H. B. IRVING and Miss IRVING VANBRUGH, in LUTY.

CORONET THEATRE, Tel. 1273 Kens.—NIGHTLY at 8, Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL in Repertoire. Next week Mrs. LANOTRY and company in Mrs. DERING'S VOICE.

CAMDEN THEATRE, Tel. 329 K.C.—TONIGHT at 8, MATINEE SATURDAY, 2.30, Mr. E. S. WILLARD in THE MIDDLEMAN. Next week Miss LILIAN PERRY in Repertoire.

CROWN THEATRE, Peckham, Tel. 412 Hop.—NIGHTLY at 7.45, the Grand Negro Musical Comedy, IN BATHORY. Next week the powerful Melodrama ROGUES OF THE TURF.

THE OXFORD.—GEORGE ROBEY, HARRY RANDALL, HARRY LAUNDER, HARRY TATE, THE M'NAGHTONS, Ernest Shand, Dan Crawley, Eugene Family, P. F. Pollock, Stuart and Leslie. Open 7.30. Box office open 11 to 5. SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30.—Manager, Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—TO-DAY. A CHINESE HONEYMOON. In Pantomime, 7.30. Matinee on Saturday at 2.30.

BOX OFFICE.—HONEYMOON. In Pantomime, 7.30. Matinee on Saturday at 2.30.

MILITARY BAND, Boller Street, and other attractions.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, "HENGELER'S," OXFORD-CIRCUS, W. Over 200 Acting and Performing Animals. Daily, 3 and 8. Prices, 1s. to 6s.; children half-price.

OUR NAVY.—PANTOMIME, REGENT-STREET, W. To-day, at 8.15, the most realistic representation of a Naval Battle. The North Sea Fishing Fleet—before and after the Tragedy. Prices, 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., 5s. Children half-price.

INTERNATIONAL GAZ EXHIBITION.—EARTH'S COURSE. Under the auspices of the Institution of the Engineers. The Brightest, Varied, and most Cheerful place in London. A blaze of light. Grandest display of Gas Apparatus for manufacturing and domestic purposes ever seen. Machinery in motion; working and other models of every part of modern gas works. Quick cooking demonstrations and competitions daily. Births of H.M. Childreman, Scots, and Irish Guards in Winter Garden, to 5. Admission, 2s. to 5s. Children 1s. to 3s. 6d. Chantant every evening. Open from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. Admission 1s., no extras for any of the above attractions. Managers, W. W. Bridges and G. D. Smith.

RAILWAYS, EXCURSIONS, Etc.

RESTALL'S HALF-DAY EXPRESS TRIPS. All Pioneers of Adventure. Excursions to Seaside. TO-DAY (THURSDAY). Brighton, 5s., from London Bridge 12.45 p.m., New Chichester, East. No London agents or stewards. Tickets sent on remittance and stamped envelope, or by call, Restall's, 4, Chespieide.

MARKETING BY POST.

APPLES (keeping, cleaned, eating), 42lb. 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d.; Potatoes, small, white, floury, 12lb. 5s.; Turnips, Carrots, 14lb. 1s.; all carriage paid receipt P.O.—Curtis, Farmer, Chatteris, Cambridgeshire.

ASSAM TEA, rich, delicious flavour, 6lb. post free, to your door for 10s. (cash with order); 1lb. sample 1s. 1d.—Mixer and Co., 2, London House Yard, E.C. 1854.

LARGE TRUSSED FOWLS, 4s. 6d. and 5s. pair.—Send P.O. Friern, Romford, Surrey.

LIVE FISH.—Bass of mixed live, from 2s. 6d. upwards, sent direct to your door, carriage paid. All kinds of cured fish; quality guaranteed.—List on application to Manager, Eastern Counties Fish Supply Co., Fish Dock, Grimsby. Hundreds of testimonials as to quality.

ONLY JONES.—2 large fresh Pheasants, 5s.; 3 ditto, 6s. 6d.—421, Central Market.

POLTRY.—BEST QUALITY ONLY.—Two large selected chickens, 4s.; two splendid Pheasants, 5s.; trussed; carriage paid; each with order. London suburbs on delivery.—Central Supply, 51, Farringdon-st., Smithfield. Telephone 4612 Central.

SAVE HALF YOUR BUTCHERS' BILLS, and buy direct from the Farmers.—Best English meat; mutton, loins, saddles, and shoulders, per lb. 7d.; leg, 6d.; pig, 5d.; veal, 4d.; top side, 3d.; sirloin and ribs, 3d.; round, 3d.; steak, 4d.; lamb, 6d.; grey beef, 4d.; brisket, 3d.; veal and pork, prime joints, 6d.; cooking of 2s. free delivered; hampers free; cash on delivery.—The Direct Supply Stores, 111, 6, Holborn-circus, London.

60 BLOATERS, Kippers, or Beds (selected), 2s. 6d.; 30, 4s. 6d.; carriage paid. Export, Berck-st., Lowest.

Alarming Increase in Baldness

A REMEDY OFFERED FREE

which possesses all the elements that go to produce a good head of hair. Its powerful, stimulating properties go straight to the hair roots—giving them a life and vigour they never knew before. And life and vigour to the roots means more hair, stronger hair, better hair. It will assuredly do all this for YOU as it has done for thousands of others.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" FOR THE HAIR

The Great Hair Producer and Restorer.

The Finest Dressing. Specially Prepared and Delicate. For the Hair, Luxurious and a Necessity to every Modern Toilet.

UNDER THE ROYAL PATRONAGE OF—
H.M. THE QUEEN OF GREECE.
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF SPARTA.
H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE OF GEDDS.
H.H. THE GRAND DUCHESS GEORGE OF RUSSIA.

DR. GEORGE JONES writes: "I have examined and practically proved that 'Harlene' is not from falling out, and produces a luxuriant growth by continued application."

will be sent to any part of the world to any person filling up this form and enclosing 3d. for carriage (foreign stamps accepted). If presented personally at our office no charge will be made.

A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
"Daily Mirror," Nov. 24, 1904.

1/-, 2/6, and 4/6 per bottle, from Chemists and Stores all over the World, or sent direct on receipt of Postal Order.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95 and 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

A BOON TO HOUSEHOLDERS TO BUY AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

3 Selected Chickens and 1lb. of Cambridge Sausages (special) 5s. 0d.
4 Large Selected Chickens 5s. 0d.
2 Partridges, 1 Large Hare 5s. 0d.
3 Fine Norfolk Partridges 4s. 0d.

Prime Ox Beef—Sirloin, wing rib, or any joint you like to order—..... 5s. 0d.
Carriage paid. Cash with order, or Carter, Paterson, cash on delivery.
Deposit accounts opened at 208, Holborn.
STEAD AND CO., Ltd., 602, Central Market, London, E.C.

PEAKE BROS. PIONEERS OF THE POULTRY TRADE.

THE ONLY Wholesale Firm that Offers the Public the Advantage of Buying Small Quantities of Poultry and Game at Wholesale Prices.
TURKEYS, splendid quality, large corks, 6s. 6d.; hens, 4s. 6d.
PHEASANTS, the finest selected, 5s. 6d. brace.
CHICKENS, 2 large, specially selected, 5s. 6d. brace.
CHICKENS, 2 choice quality, 4s. 6d.
CHICKENS, 3 choice quality, for 6s.
Hares, 3s.; Ducks, 3s.; Wild Ducks, 2s.; Widgeon, 1s. 3d.; Teal, 1s. 3d.; Cash with order; carriage paid on orders 4s. upwards.
Depot, 111, 6, Holborn-circus, London.
PEAKE BROS., 402-3, Central Market, London.

EDUCATIONAL.

CHATHAM HOUSE COLLEGE, Ramsgate.—Founded 94 years.—High-class school for the sons of gentlemen; Army, professions, and commercial life; cadet corps attached to the 1st V.B.R. and The Buffs "I." Junior school for boys under 15; 48-page illustrated prospectus sent on application to the Headmaster.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Domestic.

GENERAL (disengaged); 18; over two years' ref.—8, Esher-st., New Ferry, Cheshire.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Domestic.

LADY requires Companion-Help; two sons; daughter (15)—45, Highland-rd., Doncaster.

Miscellaneous.

A FEW Persons wanted to visit a small number of Christians and postcards weekly; town or country; good Address.—Addressed envelope A. 6, Great-James-st., London, W.C.

A GENUINE HOME EMPLOYMENT.—Tinting small prints; experience unnecessary.—Stamped envelope (20) 17, Ranelagh-av., Fulham.

MOTOR Industry.—There is a scarcity of good drivers and mechanics; wages range from £2 to £10 weekly; full tuition can be obtained at the Motor House, 356-358, Euston-rd., London, N.W., where one hundred cars are always in stock.—Call or write for prospectus, and better your position.

VOCALISTS, Pianists, Talented (amateurs eligible); concerts held many times, 81, James's (Large) Hall, St. Mary's—Conductor, 22, Queen's-rd., Bayswater.

YOU can be your own master and earn an excellent living in any part of England; no outlay.—Address for particulars, X. Y., 1655, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carnarvon-st., E.C.

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YOU can be your own master and earn an

BLIZZARD-BOUND.

North in the Grip of Snow and Frost.

LONDON IN WHITE.

Heavy Fall Brings Discomfort to Theatre-goers.

TOWN ISOLATED.

Trains Lost in Snow and Roads Blocked.

Last night the snow blizzard struck London. Shortly after ten o'clock the large flakes began to fall, and before midnight the great city was wrapped in a thick mantle of white.

Although weather experts had predicted the fall, the capital seemed caught unawares.

The fall was at its heaviest as the theatres emptied, and a scene of indescribable confusion followed.

Cabs were priceless, and the slippery condition to which the roads were reduced heightened the difficulty.

After standing shivering on the pavement for half an hour many groups of lightly-clad and thinly-shod theatre-goers were reduced to walking to the nearest railway or tube station.

Our special forecast indicates a continuance of weather conditions favourable to snow, although no extreme degree of cold will be attained.

Scotland and the North of England are still blizzard-bound.

Railway traffic is altogether dislocated in the north, and many trains are snowbound.

The town of Rothbury is completely isolated.

KING CARLOS SHOOTS IN SNOW.

Makes a Good Bag Despite the Falling Flakes.

The bright prospects of the early morning yesterday at Chatsworth were scarcely justified.

Snow fell heavily in the morning, but King Carlos, nevertheless, had a good day's shooting.

Queen Amelia went out sleighing in the afternoon and visited Haddon Hall and Bakewell.

King Carlos and a party of eight other sportsmen from the ducal house-party arrived at the Birchall coverts about eleven o'clock.

Though the fall continued during the greater portion of the morning, capital sport was enjoyed, and when at half-past one an adjournment was called for lunch, the bag totalled over 1,000.

The shooting was watched with appreciative interest by a crowd of spectators on the roads adjoining the plantations.

The guns will be out again to-day, probably at Hare Park, near Baslow.

The King and Queen of Portugal are likely to spend the whole of next week in the family visit to Wood Norton, and then to return to Buckingham Palace for a brief stay before going to Welbeck Abbey.

TERRIBLE WEATHER AT SEA.

Cross-Channel Steamer Marconigrams for Aid—Oceanic Delayed.

The White Star liner Oceanic from New York arrived at Queenstown yesterday morning, after a fearfully rough passage.

So violent were the north-easterly hurricanes and snowstorms she experienced for three days that she had to slow down.

On the 18th she steamed only twenty-five miles, thus prolonging her passage to 6 days 17 hours 15min.

At Scarborough there was a very angry sea running. Lifeboatmen were on the look-out for vessels requiring assistance.

Several Scotch fishing-vessels have managed to reach Scarborough Harbour.

The Ostend mail steamer Leopold, upon arriving at Dover yesterday afternoon, reported having passed a disabled English vessel. A marconigram was dispatched from the Leopold to Ostend for tug assistance.

'OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS.'

Remarkably fine weather prevails throughout Canada, telegraphs Reuter's Montreal correspondent. There has been no snow so far. In the Canadian North-West Provinces the conditions are unprecedented.

The farmers continue ploughing, and the acreage under crops will be very heavy next year.

North-easterly winds; gusty; snow or sleet; cold, but without much frost. To-Day's Weather (Lighting-up time, 4.53 p.m. Sea passages will be rather rough generally.

SNOWED-UP FOR THIRTEEN HOURS.

Passengers' Cruel Experience near Carlisle.

At Riccarton Junction the Monday night Edinburgh mail train from London ran into a drift, and remained fast for six hours.

She was released at 11 a.m. on Tuesday, but immediately afterwards ran into another great wall of snow, where she remained fast and firm until three in the afternoon.

Even then the troubles of the passengers were not over. The train was held up again, and was not released till two o'clock yesterday morning.

The sufferings of some of the prisoners in the train, especially the women and children, was extreme.

Mr. Arthur Garrett, the general manager to Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry, was one of the victims, and he complains strongly of the manner in which a trainload of passengers was taken to remain in an exposed position on the Cheviot Hills for "hours, instead of being taken back to Carlisle, there to await the clearing of the line.

NORTHERN TOWN CUT OFF.

Third Day of Isolation—Roads and Railway Blocked.

The town of Rothbury, in Northumberland, is isolated still, for the third day. Both roads and rail being blocked, and from all parts of the north comes the news of traffic entirely suspended by the fearful weather.

Information as to missing trains trickles in slowly.

One lost on Tuesday in Teesdale is believed to be stranded up at Kinkaid.

The line between Bishop Auckland and Barnard Castle remains blocked, and a train spent the night at Burnhill, a wayside station in North-West Durham.

Traffic at Howick was resumed yesterday morning at three o'clock. Three hundred men had worked incessantly to clear the line from the block caused by an overturned engine in the deep snow-drift.

TEN MILES OF LINE IMPASSABLE.

The main line to the north is still blocked. The trains are running on a single line between Steele-road and Riccarton, but for ten or twelve miles beyond the line is utterly impassable, and it will probably be several days before it is cleared.

On this stretch of line an engine left the rails and ran for a considerable distance before it was upset. Luckily, the driver and fireman escaped unhurt.

On the Stranraer line, a goods train from Dumfries ran into a deep wreath between Loch Skerrow and Drummore on Monday night, and stuck fast. Nine years ago a passing train was buried for two days near the same spot.

The snow-heaps derailed a train on the Glasgow and South-Western Railway at Cummertrees.

LATE HARVEST BURIED.

Farmer's Out Crop Overwhelmed by the Sudden Blizzard.

Strange scraps of news mingle with the storm-story. They show how sudden the descent of winter was upon a country that but a few days ago was enjoying a St. Martin's summer.

At Burton-on-Wolds, Leicestershire, the cold snap caught an active farmer in the course of cutting a field of ripe late wheat. It now lies buried in the snow.

A curious contrast was to be seen but a day or two since at Colwyn Bay. Holly bushes thick with red berries were growing side by side with well-developed cream and red roses, while a vine trailing against the southern wall of a villa near the woods displayed large bunches of black grapes.

There is no prospect of racing at Manchester to-day.

Farmers cannot get their milk-carts into the towns, and all over the country there is a shortage in the supply of milk.

In Swaledale and many other places there was lightning during the blizzard, and the effect upon the snowflakes was very pretty.

It is computed that over 500 sheep are overblown on the Grassington Moor, Wharfedale, and lie buried under snow from 2ft. to 7ft. deep.

A funeral at Ashby Church was stopped by the snow. The hearse started, but could not get far, in spite of the efforts of a gang of workmen to clear the road.

Near Todmorden a wedding-party which was driving to Cross Stone Church in a landau drawn by three horses stuck fast in a drift, and had to leave the conveyance and continue their journey as best they could through the snow.

PORT ARTHUR IN FLAMES.

Japan's Submarines About to Undergo a Practical Test.

The first official tidings from Port Arthur for six days was received yesterday. It relates to the burning of some buildings near the Arsenal.

There is a similar paucity of news from the seat of war in Manchuria. General Kuropatkin is said to have reported to headquarters that there is likely to be no serious fighting in that quarter till the spring.

Questions put to the Japanese Embassy in London elicited the diplomatic answer that "the matter was one that rested entirely with the discretion of the generals commanding the armies."

Of more interest is the news that five submarines have arrived at Tokio. Both nations are now furnished with these craft, which have yet to be submitted to a test in actual warfare.

News of their employment will be awaited with an interest that is not confined to naval experts.

PORT ARTHUR'S FIERY ORDEAL.

The following telegram from Tokio, dated Wednesday, has been received at the Japanese Legation:—

"The Port Arthur besieging army reports that buildings near the Arsenal caught fire at about noon on November 22, owing to the bombardment by our naval guns, and were still burning at 9.30 p.m."

RUSSIAN "YELLOW PERIL" STORY.

The "Listok," a St. Petersburg paper, states that the Japanese are enrolling recruits from among the Chinese. As many as 7,000 recruits, it is said, are being enrolled daily, each man immediately receiving a Japanese uniform. It is asserted that a Japanese proclamation calls upon the Chinese to enlist "to fight the Europeans."

STILL ANOTHER FLEET.

Russia May Risk All in a Great Sea Fight.

St. Petersburg is already discussing the sending of a third squadron to the Pacific, says our St. Petersburg correspondent.

It is believed that one new and two old ironclads, two cruisers, and fifteen new torpedo-boats can be sent to the East, with the best ships of the Black Sea Fleet.

Turkey, it is asserted, will permit the passage of the latter through the Dardanelles.

The function of this third fleet would be to cut the communications of Japan with the mainland while the Japanese fleets were engaged with the Vladivostok squadron and Rojestvensky's two fleets.

It is a "neck or nothing" project, and in the event of failure would leave Russia without a navy.

RUSSIAN RUSSIANS AT CANEA.

Further details are arriving of the excesses committed by sailors of the Baltic Fleet at Canea.

If a lady appeared at a window the door of the house was broken in and the assault of drunken sailors had to be repulsed by force. In some instances ladies passing through the streets were compelled to take refuge in churches.—Reuter.

RAND COOLIES FIGHT.

Fierce Faction Affrays Take Place Among Chinese.

JOHANNESBURG, Wednesday.—The Rand is in a state of terror through faction fights among the Chinese coolies.

Three Chinese have been killed and a number injured in one of these affrays.

The quarrel occurred at the Van Ryn mine, and knives were used with fatal effect.

These murderous affrays among the coolies are usually the result of differences between the two great secret societies, to one of which the low-class Chinamen usually belong.

During the past year street fights between the factions have taken place in San Francisco, Sydney, Singapore, and Cairns (Queensland).

Not many weeks ago such a fight took place in one of the principal streets of Melbourne, and at its conclusion the injured Celestials were removed to the hospital by cab-lads.

POSTMASTERS' NEW RESPONSIBILITY.

The persons conducting Post Office Savings Bank business—who number 12,000 and are for the most part shopkeepers—will in future be responsible for defalcations on the part of their assistants which may result from the abolition of acknowledgments of Savings Bank deposits under £1.

The value of the fortune left by the late Mr. Kruger amounts to no less than £750,000, says our Amsterdam correspondent.

GALLANT COLONEL

Rescues His Family From Burning Mansion.

MANY LIVES SAVED.

Faithful Old Servant Dies From Fright.

Wonderful presence of mind under most dangerous circumstances was shown by Colonel Le Roy Lewis, D.S.O., during a fire which broke out at his residence, Westbury House, near Petersfield, yesterday morning.

It was entirely due to the coolness and promptitude of the gallant colonel that there was not a terrible loss of life. As it was, one woman died as the result of the fire, and several persons, including Colonel and Mrs. Le Roy Lewis, were more or less injured.

DASH FOR THE CHILDREN.

Started out of his sleep about half-past two by the shrieks of the French governess, Colonel Lewis jumped out of bed, opened his bedroom door, and saw stretching across the passage a sheet of flame. Down that passage, 40ft. away, were the rooms occupied by his five children. Covering his face with his hands, the colonel rushed through the fire along the burning passage, reached his children, and roused them.

Their apartments were untouched, but there was no way of escape open. The colonel rushed back through the flaming passage to his own room, and got Mrs. Lewis through the burning passage to her children. There he left her with instructions not to move.

He ran to the children's bedroom window, opened it, and sought for means of descent to the lawn, some 35ft. below. Four or five feet from the window there was attached to the wall a rain-pipe descending to the ground. A projecting ledge an inch wide ran from the window to the pipe.

SLIDE DOWN A RAIN-PIPE.

That was all the colonel had for foothold. There was nothing for his hands. Flattening himself against the wall, he dug his fingers into the joints of the brickwork, and in a miraculous way eventually reached the rain-pipe, down which he slid with a rush.

Then, in his slippers and pyjamas, he ran to the stables, some sixty yards away. Here some four men were sleeping, and the colonel, with vigorous shouting, roused two of them.

By this time the house was completely gripped by the fire, and, in addition to the colonel's wife and children, the servants in the upper rooms were in imminent danger.

THE LADDER SNAPS.

Hastily clutching a long and heavy ladder, the colonel and his men rushed towards the blazing house, but in the hurry one of the men dropped his end, and the ladder snapped in two.

Racing back, another ladder was speedily found, and this time securely placed against the house.

Led by the self-possessed and resourceful officer, the rescuers speedily brought Mrs. Lewis and all the children, together with two governesses, down the ladder into safety.

Nearly all were in their night clothes, and means of protection from the bitter cold had to be hastily improvised.

Meanwhile the fire had driven the servants to the roof, where they huddled together, waiting for rescue, which the colonel cheerily promised them.

AGED SERVANT DIES.

Here it was that the sole fatality of the fire occurred. Jane Henley, an aged servant, who had been with the family thirty-five years, fell unconscious from fright and died almost immediately.

The colonel superintended the rescue of the remaining servants, but during the waiting period several minor accidents occurred in the night.

In jumping on to the lawn the cook broke her wrist, and the footman and hall-boy both sustained injuries of so serious a nature that their removal to the hospital was necessitated.

One of the maids in a bedroom on the third found herself in danger 50ft. above the ground.

The girl climbed from the window in her night-dress and began to descend by the thick ivy. She had descended about half-way when she lost her hold and fell, but fortunately she dropped into a bush and escaped almost unhurt.

THE BUTLER'S TROUSERS.

The only personal property which the colonel saved was a khaki coat, and he was compelled to borrow a pair of trousers from the butler and a pair of boots from a clergyman.

When the fire brigade arrived from Petersfield the fire had obtained a strong hold upon the building, and only the small new wing could be saved.

The damage, which is mainly covered by insurance, is estimated at about £30,000.

Miniature Pit To Be Sold Next Week.

CRANK'S MODEL DEMONS.

Never before has so weird and interesting a collection been for sale as that which will be offered by public auction at Tuxford Hall, near Retford, on November 30 and two following days.

The hall is stocked with all kinds of historical relics and curios, furniture and firearms, art and armour, china and lace.

Throughout the house there are memorials of monarchs, statesmen, ecclesiastics, warriors, men famous for their goodness, and men infamous for their crimes.

But the most remarkable feature is the model of Hades, which the late owner, Mr. R. S. Wilson, constructed in his grounds with his own hands. The inferno is a deep and wide hole, in which the representation of a fire is built, and for eighteen years before his death Mr. Wilson regularly cast demons into the pit, until it now contains the whole catalogue of impudent sinners.

Population of the Pit.

Prominent among the helpless figures presided over by his Satanic Majesty King Alcohol is represented as being an intimate friend of the Tobacco Devil; the hypocrite and timeserver were apparently cast into outer darkness at the same time; priestcraft is associated with superstition; the religious lawyer and the man who can tell to a square inch where he was converted appear to be on the same plane; the chattering charwoman and the president of the Primrose League are near neighbours; and "the woman with the proud look and lying tongue" is portrayed as beguiling the "young man whose heart is void of understanding."

The Phoenix Park murderers—"Joe Brady" and "Skin the Goat"—along with President Kruger and the war party, form the principal figures in the population of the bottom-most parts of hell.

In addition there is a varied assortment of less notorious demons, such as the ordinary liars, thieves, murderers, and other undesirable persons, who are represented as being found outside the Kingdom of Heaven.

Satan in Fetters.

The entrance to Hell is underneath an arch built of roughly-hewn stones, on the left-hand side of which is a colossal statue of Satan, who is heavily-bound with fetters. He is portrayed looking upwards towards the twisted tail of the weathercock surmounting the spire of a local church. He is holding a skull, representing Death, in his hands, and bears a hideous grin on his face. To visitors Mr. Wilson explained this allegorical representation as being that the Devil's grin, directed to the twisted tail of the weathercock, was emblematic of the crooked ways he was wont to allege the church practised.

PEER ON ORGANISTS.

Lord Beauchamp Discourages the Compositions of Gifted Nobodies.

Earl Beauchamp made some frank comments on church music at the Worcester Diocesan Conference yesterday.

His lordship said that in certain churches the choirs had allowed their zeal to run away with them.

Congregations were discouraged when they wished to join in the singing, and there existed a desire on the part of choirs to do honour to their organists by rendering certain musical services which the organists had composed.

Thus there were organists who composed services when they ought to be practising their pedal exercise.

"WIMBLEDON NELL" DIES ON DUTY.

The Wimbledon employes of the L. and S.W. Railway mourning the death of their beautiful collecting dog, "Wimbledon Nell."

With her red collecting barrel on her back, she was commending herself and her commission to the passengers when she dropped dead.

Mr. Brockwell, her owner—an employe on the London and South-Western Railway—is almost inconsolable. She used to collect about 8s. per day. A photograph of "Wimbledon Nell" is reproduced on page 8.

CAUGHT BY MOLTEN METAL.

A serious accident occurred at the works of Messrs. Akrlil, Limited, West Bromwich, yesterday. Five men were terribly burned owing to some metal which was being prepared for a huge casting overflowing.

The unfortunate men were conveyed to the hospital. Four are not expected to recover.

The Prime Minister has issued summonses for a meeting of the Cabinet to be held to-morrow.

Splendid Day's Sport with the Earl of Lathom.

Shooting in ideal weather on the Earl of Lathom's famous estate at Ormskirk yesterday, the Prince of Wales materially assisted in making a record bag.

The Prince, who employed three guns, evoked the greatest admiration from the veteran sportsmen who accompanied the party by the clean and practised manner in which he killed the birds.

Two thousand one hundred and ninety birds and other game fell to eight guns.

The shooting party consisted of his Royal Highness, his host, Earl Lathom, Lord Sefton, Lord Crichton, Earl Dartry, Colonel Bromley Davenport, Major Wynne Finch, and the Hon. Victor Cavendish.

The ground covered is one of the most famous shooting districts in the north, and the birds were in finer condition than they had been for many years.

The Prince at the end of a memorable and exhausting day, headed the list of kills, Earl Sefton coming second.

AUDACIOUS BURGLARS

Force Four Doors and Steal a Vanload of Furs.

A startlingly audacious burglary has just been committed on the premises of Messrs. Sowinski, furriers, in Great Portland-street, W.

No fewer than four doors were forced by the thieves between 8.15 and 9.30 in the evening, when people were constantly passing up and down stairs of the building, and a vanload of valuable furs was carried off—how and where they were taken being at present a mystery.

The shop faces the street, and is entered by a side door leading out of a passage. But the thieves forced a door at the further end of the passage, thus gaining access to the back yard. From there they forced another door leading to Mr. Sowinski's office, and the forcing two more doors, got into the shop from behind.

"It is obvious," said Mr. Sowinski, "that they knew what they were about, for they have taken every sable coat in the place."

LONDON'S UNEMPLOYED ARMY.

Bishop of Stepney Says There Are Always 100,000 on the Verge.

Another important contribution was made yesterday to the series of speeches upon the unemployed problem.

The Bishop of Stepney, at a meeting of the Christian Social Union, said the real heart of the problem was in the mass of irregular labour here in London, which appeared to be in no sense permanently needed by the community. He did not think it was sufficiently realised that there were about 100,000 people in London that were almost always on the verge of the unemployed, if not actually within of this class.

That population seemed to be growing with remarkable steadiness; and the real need was to prevent the increase of this class.

SKELETON IN COURT.

Gruesome Evidence During the Trial of a Woman for Murder.

A most sensational scene has marked the trial of Miss Nan Patterson, the actress, who is accused of having shot Mr. William Young in a New York hansom cab.

To elucidate the evidence, it being in dispute as to whether the dead man could have himself fired the shot which killed him, the counsel for the prosecution had a skeleton brought into the court. This gruesome sight so shocked the accused that she was utterly prostrated, and the hearing of the case was for some time delayed.

The singular feature of this case is that Mr. Young was shot in the right side, while Miss Patterson was sitting on his left.

Mr. Young was an Englishman, and went out to America as a trainer in 1890, and afterwards amassed a fortune.

BEARD EIGHT FEET LONG.

Mr. Alexander Wilkie, of Perth, whose photographs reproduced on page 8, is the proud possessor of a beard over eight feet long—the longest and thickest in the world.

Ordinarily Mr. Wilkie wears his beard tucked inside his waistcoat, and that it in no way interferes with his activity is proved by his having taken several prizes in shooting and agricultural competitions. He is still in the prime of life, and anticipates his beard growing still longer.

Mr. Balfour goes out of town over Sunday, returning on Monday for the Primrose League banquet at the Hotel Cecil.

Clergyman's Striking Indictment of the Divorce Laws.

WOMAN'S RESPONSIBILITY.

What with divorce a vinculo (judicial separation) and divorce sued for by women for cruelty, nearly the whole of the present breaches of marriage laws and marriage customs in this country are due to the action of women.

This was the assertion of Dr. Belcher, rector of Lewes, in an address at a meeting of the English Church Union, at the Church House, Westminster, last night.

Women, he said, were either the defendants, with co-respondents in more serious cases, or plaintiffs in less serious cases.

The number of judicial separations in 1893 was 823; for the period ending in 1902 it was 7,477. Dr. Belcher said he was recently asked for an explanation of that increase. Was it because during the period mentioned men had become more drunken, more brutal, more immoral, that there should have been such a demand for judicial separations?

He replied that women had brought about those women to take the initiative in these cases.

As for the moral effects of divorce, it was truly said that the divorce courts were bogs of perjury and lying.

At the present rate of increase in divorces they would have three hundred thousand homes broken up in the course of a single generation.

RAILROAD OVER CANAL.

Enterprising Scheme for an Overhead Line Across London.

For many months American engineers and capitalists have cast longing eyes at the grand, almost ready-made route for an overhead electric railway provided by the Regent's Canal and Sir George Duckett's Canal.

Preliminary surveys have been made, as well as estimates of the cost of constructing 1½ miles of railway track, which will be supported over the water on steel frames.

The work would be simple but for the half-mile of tunnel where the Regent's Canal burrows from near the Angel, Islington, to Caledonian-road, and also two shorter tunnels.

In their course the canals are spanned by more than fifty bridges. On each bank there is width of vacant land sufficient for the supports for the proposed line.

The railway would connect Old Ford, Hackney, Islington, and Paddington, and would certainly be a great convenience to the public.

The Regent's Canal Company held powers for making a railway until 1898, but they have lapsed and it would now be necessary to get permission from Parliament.

THIRTEEN HOURS IN PRAYER.

Singular Transports of Religious Enthusiasm in Wales.

The religious revival in Wales is producing strange manifestations. Finding that prolonged prayer-meetings do not agree with their business, men are giving up their occupations and women are neglecting their household duties.

One of the leaders in the district of Rhos, near Ruabon, got so exuberant at a meeting that it took six strong men to pacify him. He insisted that a spirit bade him crown Christ.

Prayer meetings have lasted as long as thirteen hours without intervals for meals or refreshments, and, our correspondent writes, frequently three men commence praying simultaneously.

To the utter bewilderment of a congregation, one deacon, proceeding to read a certain portion of Scripture forgot the place, and was so carried away by his feelings that he started singing a Welsh congregational hymn, all joining heartily.

At Penrhel, South Wales, people are so stirred by the Evan Roberts's crusade that they stay in the streets singing hymns till five in the morning.

Converts number scores daily.

ANTI-GOLFERS APOLOGISE.

In their zeal against Sunday golf the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Society have got into a "hole," by publishing in one of their "Pearl of Stourbridge," taken while playing golf on a weekday, and representing it as showing Mr. Moore golfing on Sunday.

In their public apology they say:—"We undertake to at once withdraw the publication, to give a donation of £10 to the Corbett Hospital, and to pay all the costs incurred."

A case of typhoid fever, which is suspected of having been caused by oysters purchased within the City of London, will be reported to the Public Health Department to-day.

"Pension" Tea Scheme for Widows Breaks Down.

16,000 SUFFERERS.

"Nelson's Pension Tea: The Bubble Bursts." In this way "Truth" yesterday announced the fact that the weekly pensions given by the Nelson's Pension Tea Company will at the end of this week be considerably reduced.

This will be a startling piece of news for the 600,000 buyers of Nelson's Pension Tea and the 16,000 widows scattered all over the country who are at present deriving weekly benefits from the pension fund.

The pension list has increased so enormously of late that the seventy-five per cent. of the profits allotted for this purpose no longer provide a sufficient amount for the maximum pensions to be paid. In consequence they will be reduced.

This means, says "Truth," that the scheme has "at last reached the end of its tether," and that it is "idle to expect that women will go on buying tea at about eightpence per pound above the normal market price after the failure of the company to pay the promised life pensions has become known."

Origin of the Company.

The history of the Nelson Pension Tea Company dates from 1899, the first idea of its founder, Mr. Rasmus Jensen, being to give the widows of those who purchased the tea a weekly income, which would be greater than that provided by parish relief.

Well advertised throughout the country, Nelson's Pension Tea sprang into immediate popularity. All that was necessary was to purchase 4½ lb. for fifty-two consecutive weeks in order to secure 5s. per week during widowhood, as long as this 5s. did not take more than 75 per cent. of the profits of the firm. In the case of a purchaser of 4½ lb. the pension was doubled.

But in the contract which all purchasers were asked to sign there was a clause stating that these maximums of 10s. and 5s. might be reduced if the 75 per cent. of the profits set aside for the purpose was not sufficient to meet the pension demands.

A year ago it was found that the profits did not admit of the maximum pensions being paid any longer.

The reserve fund was drawn upon, and 85 per cent. of profit deducted. Now, however, this is insufficient.

The Secretary's Explanation.

Seen yesterday by the *Daily Mirror*, the secretary, Mr. T. Ingham, explained the position of affairs.

"We have now," he said, "600,000 customers throughout the country, and 16,000 widows who are receiving pensions of 10s. or 5s. a week from us. Altogether during six years we have paid out £600,000, and we are paying £7,000 a week now."

"Next week," he continued, "we shall inaugurate a new system. Pensioners will continue to receive a weekly income, but it must necessarily be limited according to the profit we derive."

"It may be 6s., 7s., or 8s., and 8s., 3s. 6d., and 4s., but this point has not yet been decided."

Another Company Formed.

"Meanwhile a new company, the Nelson Trading Company, has been formed. This will continue the sale of tea and other commodities, while the old 'Nelson Pension Tea' has been turned into an insurance company, with £20,000 deposited with the Government, as security for payment of policies."

"The system of business will now be that of an insurance company pure and simple. The widows of purchasers of Nelson's Pension Tea will receive a lump sum in place of a weekly pension. The amount varies according to the length of time the husband is insured or his age."

DYING GIRL'S PATHETIC BEQUEST.

"Give my money savings to the poor of the East End of London," ran a brief note written in a bank-book left by Susan Whitehead, a domestic servant, who drowned herself in the Surrey Commercial Docks.

At the inquest yesterday it was stated that the young woman was somewhat erratic, and had never kept a situation very long. Nevertheless, she had saved about £13, which she kept in the Post Office Savings Bank. And this she left to the poor.

FINE ART OF SELLING.

London shopkeepers ridicule the classes for training salesmen and saleswomen, just started in the city of Buffalo.

Said the manager of a retail business in Brompton:—

"You cannot make a good salesman out of bad material. Salesmen, like poets, are born, not made."

"Girls are our worst problems. Many of them take no trouble to excel in the art of selling."

Leaving the overturned van on the edge of the dock, two runaway drag horses were drowned in the Thames at Hermitage Basin yesterday.

BURIED GOLD.

How £100 Was Found in a Hedge.

DRAMATIC DISCLOSURE.

The adventures of a young married couple, named Wilkins, form a remarkable story.

Entering the employ of the Wilkinson Sword Company, of Pall-mall and Acton-lane, ten years ago, Charles James Wilkins, then a boy of thirteen, worked his way up to the responsible position of wages clerk. A year ago he married.

Recently, Mrs. Wilkins met her husband one day by appointment after he had cashed a wages cheque for £240. Together they absconded to Grantham, and set up house, purchasing furniture and jewellery.

Conscience-stricken, Wilkins eventually gave himself up to the London police, saying he had squandered the stolen money on raccoons. Inspector Collins took another view, and paid a visit to the Grantham house, where he found between the blankets of the bed and in other hiding-places money amounting to £40. Furniture and jewellery accounted for other outgoings. One hundred pounds, however, was still missing.

Prospect of Prison Makes Her Speak.

The inspector brought back with him to London Mrs. Wilkins. It was only when the prison van appeared, after she had been formally remanded by the magistrate, that she disclosed that she knew how this sum might be recovered.

Handily she scribbled a note to the inspector. The money, she said, was in Grantham, and though she had promised her husband to say nothing, she thought the case ought to be cleared up.

"I was torn 'twixt honour and duty," said the letter.

Once more Inspector Collins went to Grantham, taking with him Mrs. Wilkins. They were met by the chief constable with a carriage, in which they proceeded to a place a mile outside the town. Alighting, they were led up a steep hill by the woman who, betraying the greatest excitement, walked towards a spot under a hedge, and poking her umbrella into the ground, exposed to view a small tin box.

Brown Paper Parcels of Gold.

This the inspector lifted up, and, opening it, found it contained the missing £100, all in gold and wrapped up in little brown paper parcels.

The last chapter was reached at the West London Police Court yesterday, when Mrs. Wilkins was sentenced to four months' hard labour and her wife to six weeks' imprisonment in the second division. High commendation was bestowed upon Inspector Collins for his conduct of the case.

TERRORISED WITNESSES.

Brutal Threats by Friends of Condemned Men.

The order that police protection should be afforded to the witnesses whose evidence secured the conviction of Donovan and Wade, the murderers of Miss Farmer, the East End newswoman, has proved to be a very necessary precaution.

It was dread of the consequences which caused Richard Barnes, the youth whose statement supplied the requisite link in the chain of circumstantial evidence, to abstain from coming forward until the very eve of the trial. His fears were apparently well founded, for he has since been molested by sympathisers with the condemned men, and his life has been threatened.

Another of the witnesses, the boy Robert Rae, has received a sinister intimation that he will "be put through it." Detective-inspector Divall and Detective-sergeant Wensley, who had charge of the case, have both received anonymous letters conveying threats.

The police hope to be able to secure the conviction of the chief instigator of this system of intimidation.

ANGLESEY JEWELS IN PAWN.

More Anglesey jewels have been found, this time in a pawnshop. The jewels, which include several fine rubies, one worth £1,000, have been redeemed by the trustees.

Making Money

Fels-Naptha turns 2½ d into 2/6 on washday 52 times a year, if you go by the book.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E C

MASONIC MYSTERIES.

Mr. Labouchere's "Revelations" Cause Amusement.

If Mr. Labouchere can be believed, nothing now remains to be told of the "mysteries of Masonry." In this week's "Truth" he says that—

"The password is 'Boas.'"

"The sign is in the shape of a right angle. When making it the hand ought properly to be drawn across the throat, but this is not necessary."

"When a person becomes a Freemason he has to stand blindfolded in a lodge, with one leg and one arm bared, without any coat or medal on his person, and with a rope round his neck."

"He swears to keep the secrets of the 'craft,' and hopes that if he does not he may be buried between high water and low water."

"Freemasonry is with us simply a mutual aid or benevolent society. . . . Beyond this, it does nothing but dine and wear aprons on festive occasions."

The *Daily Mirror* yesterday interviewed a distinguished mason, who appeared much amused by "Truth's" revelations.

"Many so-called revelations," he said, "have been published during the last 150 years. But we do not trouble to take official action."

Roughly speaking, there are about two million masons in the world, and they can afford to smile at such articles."

PHYLLIS STILL DEFIANT.

Her Mother Receives a Letter Charged with Devotion.

Miss Phyllis Meares, the girl who defies the law through her ardent love of her mother, has written to her mother the following letter, bearing the date November 20 and the Tottenham postmark:—

My Own, Darling Mother,—I feel I must write to you as I am so dreadfully upset and miserable. I won't tell you where I am, for I know it would only bring fresh trouble on you, dear, and God knows you've had enough. Darling, please try and bear up, and I believe all will come right.

Oh, I do think it is cruel of them to try and take me from you, dear; but I will never, never stay with them; even if they get me, I'd rather go to prison if I must.

If I had you near me I should not mind. But I know they won't allow you to see me, and I call it wicked and unjust. I only have very little money, and when that is gone I don't know what will happen, but I will never give in, but will pray that I may be with you again soon, dearest mother. I cry myself to sleep every night. Try and cheer up, dear, and hope for the best.

With love, darling, ever your true and devoted daughter, PHYLLIS.

AMBULANCES FOR LONDON.

Horsed Vehicles To Be Worked by the Fire Brigade.

At last the L.C.C. are taking steps to provide a long-required horsed ambulance service for London. The proposal is to work a system with the Fire Brigade.

Captain Hamilton, at the request of the L.C.C., has furnished a report on the subject, and there is every prospect of the scheme being speedily carried out.

In all probability the horsed ambulance carriages will be kept at the various fire stations, and whenever an accident occurs within the metropolitan area it will be possible to ring for an ambulance at any of the street "fire-call" stands.

At an inquest yesterday on a Brixton boy killed in the street Mr. Troutbeck, coroner, was informed that there are only three horsed ambulances in the whole of the metropolitan police southern district.

LADY'S FRAUD AT THE STORES.

When Anna Childie, who was arrested for attempting to defraud the Army and Navy Stores by making unauthorised use of Admiral Sir John Hext's name, was brought up at the Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday, Dr. Fullerton, of Holloway Gaol, said she was suffering from a form of insanity known as general paralysis.

The Judge ordered her to be detained during His Majesty's pleasure, whereupon she burst into a fit of laughter.

DEATH OF FAMOUS ATHLETE.

Mr. H. W. Hill, vice-president and treasurer of the London Athletic Club, died at South Hampstead yesterday, with startling suddenness, death being due to heart failure. For many years Mr. Hill held the running record for 1,000 yards.

"You are an extremely fortunate man," said the Judge at Clerkenwell Sessions to Leon Suckermann when the jury pronounced him not guilty of stealing £13 10s., a ring, and a bracelet from Miss Eileen Freer, an actress.

HOOLEY TRIAL.

Some Amusing Passages Between Counsel and Prosecutor.

It was not till Mr. Rufus Isaacs commenced his cross-examination of Mr. Paine, the prosecutor in the Hooley case, that those initiated in the intricacies of company finance showed any keen interest in the proceedings at the Old Bailey yesterday.

A protest early in the day from Lawson had tended to prolong the tediousness. Mr. Muir, appearing with the Solicitor-General for the prosecution, had begun to summarise some extremely lengthy documents. Lawson demanded that they should be read in full, and this was done.

Mr. Isaacs had occasion to expostulate at the vehemence with which Mr. Paine referred to a certain statement of Hooley's. "It was all bosh, all lies!" the witness exclaimed.

Mr. Isaacs: I think the witness ought to be kept in check, my lord.

Mr. Paine: I have lost a deal of money over these people. I am sorry to have lost my temper.

Mr. Isaacs, in his cross-examination, was anxious to know whether Mr. Paine had not some fondness for a gamble.

"Not particularly," the witness replied. "I suppose I am like the majority of other men. I buy anything to sell at a profit, you know."

Mr. Paine admitted that he knew of Amsterdam as a centre for betting transactions because of having received circulars from there.

The Solicitor-General: I, myself, had had circulars from there.

Mr. Isaacs: I hope you don't bet.

The cross-examination of the witness by Mr. Isaacs had not concluded when the Court adjourned until to-day.

PROBLEM OF COURTSHIP.

Judge Unable to Say When It Begins.

When does courtship begin? At the moment when a man first meets his affinity? At the time when he realises that "the only girl in the world" is his affinity? Or at the time when he determines to let her guess his views on the subject?

This delicate question was raised in the Probate and Divorce Court yesterday. The president, Sir Francis Jeune, was compelled to admit that the solution was beyond him.

The point was raised in this way. A young man named George Whitehead was asking the Court to declare that the Scotch marriage between his parents was valid, and that he was, therefore, legitimate.

His mother, Mrs. Whitehead, was called as a witness in support of his case, and gave evidence about her courtship, which began, she said, in the gardens that flank Princess-street in Edinburgh.

"How long had your husband been courting you when he proposed to you?" asked counsel.

Mrs. Whitehead hesitated, finding the query hard to answer, and the president came to her rescue.

"Can anyone say that?" he remarked. "I doubt if a man knows himself when he first begins to court a girl."

It was decided that the marriage was a valid one and Mr. Whitehead legitimate.

"ALONE IN THE WORLD."

Widow's Pathetic Search for Her Soldier Son.

At a late hour last night the pathetic game of hide-and-seek between the poor widow Coleman, of 3, St. John's-lane, Smithfield, and her soldier son had yielded no result.

Mrs. Coleman was heartbroken yesterday.

"I have just heard of my other son's death," she said, with tears in her eyes. "And he was so anxious to see his brother."

"I do hope he isn't dead, too. I have not seen him for nine years. Up to his discharge he wrote to me regularly and sent me money. Now, I have not heard from him since March."

If he is dead I am indeed alone in the world, for I have no other children, and have been a widow for thirty years.

"My income is 2s. 6d. a week, and I have no one but me to look to for my daily bread. I am nearly starving."

THE KING AS SOCIALIST.

"The real father of his people, and at once the best monarch, the best Republican, the best Democrat, and the best Socialist of his day." This was the way in which Mr. Hall Caine, talking to Ramsey fishermen last night, spoke of the King.

"MEMORY OF AN ANGEL."

In an extract from evidence taken on commission, which was read in the King's Bench Division yesterday, a witness stated that he could not answer a question because he had not "the memory of an angel."

Mr. Justice Ridley: I do not know that an angel has a good memory.

Counsel: The recording angel has, my lord.

FOR BRITONS ABROAD

Stream of Home News for Lonely Exiles.

WELCOME XMAS PRESENT.

Who knows the loneliness of the velvet? Only those who have lived upon it. Mile after mile to the far horizon roll its hills and hollows, mile after mile of solitude and stony, thirsty earth.

A little house, a few outbuildings, one white man and half a dozen Kaffir servants—the only signs of mankind upon the waste.

Half an hour of silent toil in blazing sun passes the day away, but nature must give in at last. Night comes, not as in England with gentle twilight, but at one bound. Then up springs the glorious South African moon, and it is almost as bright as day once more, only now the light is silver not golden.

The chattering Kaffirs have long retired to their outhouses, the lonely Englishman wraps another rug round himself as he sits at his door, for the nights are chilly after the blazing day.

As he sits there evening after evening his thoughts fly back to the old home, many thousands of miles away.

Out of an inner pocket comes a well-thumbed letter. He knows it almost by heart, but he reads it again in the brilliant moonshine, and then thrusts it back with an impatient sigh and a half-laugh.

"They are dear, good people," he mutters to himself, "but if they could only understand."

At rare intervals the letters reach him—pretty, dear little notes of gossip and chatter—Mary is going to be married and your old study has been repapered—Frank and Arthur dropped in last night for a chat. Yes, but what of England?

Tidings of the World.

A man who is bearing a man's burden needs a man's meat. He is doing his share of the Empire's work. What are the other stretching arms of that Empire doing? And the other countries, too? Where is America in the great march? Germany, the dark horse of politics, what is she doing? Whose friend is she to-day?

Once more the day's toil comes round. Once more he rouses the Kaffirs to their labour, for he is their leader, and must lead. Once more the day draws to its close after its course of heat and dust and solitude.

As he at last stands at the door of his little home he looks sadly in the direction from which he knows all tidings of the world must come. Far away is a pillar of dust, but the practised eye knows at once that it is not a mere trick of the wind. It means movement and mankind. On it comes, gradually resolving itself into a Cape cart, the two-wheeled carriage of the country, with its team of four horses at a canter.

A mail! Too good to be true! But it is true. There are letters—one, two, three—but best of all, a newspaper.

And not an ordinary newspaper either. It is the "Overseas Mail," sixteen pages of news, good readable news, from every corner of the world.

News from Everywhere.

To-morrow sees the first number. On that day, and on every following Friday, in time to catch the mails to every part of the world, the "Overseas Mail" will contain the full story of the past week.

All the news—home and foreign—will be found in its sixteen pages. All the important leading articles and reviews that have appeared in the "Daily Mail" during the week will be reprinted.

It is the exile's newspaper. Nothing could be easier than for British at home to send these welcome pages of news to friend or relative abroad.

All that is necessary is to fill up the order form which appears on page 2, and forward it with a crossed postal order for 5s. to the Chief Clerk, "Daily Mail," London, E.C. On the order form you must fill in the name and address of the person to whom the weekly issue of the "Overseas Mail" is to be sent. Then your part of the business is done. First, a letter will be sent to the person you have named, telling him or her that for a year the paper will be posted to them each week, and saying at whose order this is done. Then they will receive their papers, week by week.

And now, too, when one is wondering what Christmas present to send to the exile abroad, the paper is most welcome. What present could be more appreciated than a year's subscription?

Calorit

No fire
No flame
No light
No trouble
No worry
But No work.
hot food in five minutes,
that's Calorit.

Calorit, 26 Victoria Street, S.W.

PICTURES

Descriptive of the
Week's News at . .
Home and Abroad.

THE . . .

"Illustrated Mail"

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE CITY.

Telegraph Breakdowns Through Storms
Hamper Business—Home Rails
Dull—Chartered Firm at 24.

CABLE COURT, Wednesday Evening.—The end of the account is close at hand, for the preliminary carry-over on Kaffirs commences to-morrow. Moreover, we are not now very far away from the Consul carry-over, and so on all sides there would naturally be a little less disposition to transact fresh speculative business, except by way of closing down accounts already opened for the rise. Thus it is not surprising to find somewhat slacker markets and a less firm tendency. Not that there is anything amiss, and, in fact, the good tone of markets during this nineteen-day account has been a remarkable feature. For two days there was a slight political scare, but the storms rather hampered business. Accounts have on the Stock Exchange has been quite repudiated by events. To-day Consols have eased off to 98 9/16. Nobody pretenses to fear a rise in the Bank rate to-morrow, but the bare possibility has perhaps something to do with the decline. Telegraphic breakdowns in the country did not make a very brilliant showing. There was, however, the suggestion of logs to be taken into consideration, and if we allow for this fact the returns were not at all bad. The substantial Great Western increase and the smaller increases of the Scotch lines, the Great Central, and South-Western were, in the circumstances, particularly noticeable. But to-day the news of the blizzard in various parts of the country did not help Home Rails, and so there is an almost unbroken succession of falls. The most extreme movements, however, were seen in the case of Midlands, North-Western, and North-Western and Great Northern Deferred, so that there was not much amiss with the market. The new Metropolitan is 2 premium. The new issue terms are now known, an issue of £750,000 of three-and-a-half per cent. Convertible Preference at 104, as we have already announced.

New York Selling.

To-morrow is a holiday on the New York Stock Exchange, and this, coupled with the fears of further gold exports from that centre, no doubt, fully accounted for the fact that New York was more disposed to sell American Rails than to buy them. On this side a little heavy work was shown in the early morning, but it did not last very long, and the close was rather firmer. Canadian Rails were in full sympathy with Americans, and further, there is the Grand Trunk traffic decrease to fear to-morrow. Argentine traffic returns were good, especially those of the Rosario and Buenos Aires. And so on crop news and the traffic Argentine Rails were an improving market, and, with the success of the new B.A. Western issue, assuming a full stock, and the new shares are 1/4 premium. Mexican Rails were good at first. This again was a natural result of the sale of the Southern bonds. The close was dull. Mexican Southern fell 26, to 68. So far the debenture burdens and interest payments have been partly drawn from the new offerings of the year. But with the Government redeeming these bonds, the First Debentures will be paid off, and the burden of the Second Debentures and the shares will fall on the earnings of the company. This is the reason for the decline in price. Uruguay Rails were naturally better, for traffic receipts are very good now that the revolution is out of the way. The foreign houses seem to keep up heart, and most of their favourite stocks were at least as good as yesterday. But today, and perhaps more was a seller of copper shares, and it is certainly wholesome to find the heavy speculation checked. There was a disastrous rally from the worst. Japanese bonds were not so good.

Rhodesia Group Active.

There seems still more tendency for bank shares to improve. A good deal of attention is still being paid to the Telegraph group, but recent speculators in Anglo-Americans have again been selling out. Amman shares, like the Vickers, continue to be held for the moment. The Gas securities seem to like the weather conditions, and perhaps the Gas Exhibition also helps the rise which is taking place. The Gas and Colliery stock is up 1/2. All sorts are better at 30. A lot of interest is still taken in the Rhodesian group, owing to the elaborate cables about the re-entrance of the railway and the expectation of further railway enterprise rendering it possible to develop new mining areas. Mr. Rhodes' undoubted success in developing the policy in insisting that before settlers and business activity could be secured for Rhodesia, there must first be great and extensive railway work. It has been a burden in past years, and it is to be hoped that results will be commensurate with his expectations. Chartered keep firmish at 84, and shares of the North-Isle Tanganyika, Zambesia Explorations, Northern Coppers, and the like, were good at times. But the game is becoming more and more a matter of the moment. Generally speaking, Kaffirs are a little easier, but there is not much to boast about in the way of a fall, seeing that to-morrow will be preliminary railway order is. Perhaps a few Westerners were inclined to harden, but West Africans were merely marking time. The wire-pullers seem to mean to hold on to their positions. At all events, Nile Valleys at 114 were put better to-day on expectations connected with the coming report.

"Mark Twain" is the name of an inmate of Maidstone, who applies for a pair of spectacles.

The Royal Society has received £1,000 from an anonymous donor for the advancement of science.

Of the 222,000 men in the British Army, 87,000 are total abstainers, and 25,000 of the 72,000 in India.

CAT SPREADS DISEASE.

How disease is spread by feline pets is engaging the attention of the Medical Officer of Health at Chesham.

A little girl was suddenly stricken with diphtheria, and it has been discovered that the source of infection was a favourite cat, which has since died.

SCROOGE REDIVIVUS.

Under the new scheme of the Charity Commissioners for uniting the charities of the Newington division of Southwark there will be this year no distribution of doles of money, bread, and coal at Christmas, as has been the case in the past.

Ancient dames reading the notices make a pathetic picture.

LADY RECRUITING-SERGEANTS.

Lord Lathom, speaking at the prize-distribution of the St. Helens Volunteers, suggested that the services of ladies should be requisitioned as recruiters, and said that he would give a prize to the lady recruiting the most eligible lot of young men.

He was certain the ladies did not think much of a man who would not give up a little of his time for his country.

"A GREAT PITY."

Lady Louisa Egerton, at the Chertsey Board of Guardians, has protested against the substitution of "Murray House" for "workhouse" on the birth certificates of children born in the workhouse.

It is, she thinks, "a great pity" to minimise the disgrace of a woman going into the workhouse for confinement, and she would have this disgrace attach to the unfortunate child for life.

CLOSING HOURS AT THE MUSEUM.

Petitions are being largely signed at all the metropolitan public libraries against the proposal of the Trustees of the British Museum to close the reading room at 7 p.m., instead of at 8 p.m.

Furthermore, the petitioners request that the room shall not be shut for the future before 10 p.m., so as to allow those engaged at business all day an opportunity of using the room.

QUAINT SLIP OF THE TONGUE.

Speaking of the obstinacy of a horse in a cruelty charge at Halifax, the defendant said, "All persuasion was lost on it, and I might as well have talked to this Bench."

Noticing a pained expression pass over the faces of the magistrates, he quickly smothered the edge of the witness-box, to indicate the bench to which his remark might be taken to allude.

FIRE AT A FOUNTAIN CEREMONY.

Gathered outside the Co-operative Society's new premises at Egremont, Cumberland, to witness the unveiling of a war fountain, a large crowd had a far more exciting attraction.

The Co-operative Stores themselves caught fire, and the outbreak was with difficulty subdued by the fire brigade assembled on the spot for the fountain ceremony.

REFER TO DRAWER.

Even the Government cannot get its drafts honoured unless proper notice is given to the bank. Failure to observe this business formality has caused an amusing incident in Ireland.

A landlord was entitled to £7,000 under land purchase, and duly received a draft on the Bank of Ireland. But was astonished to find it returned by the bank, marked "Refer to drawer."

The Government officials have since taken the proper steps, and the draft has been met.

TRAWLER RUNS AMUCK.

When the steam trawler Tronel should have put to sea she was unable to find her way out of the Albert Basin at Aberdeen.

Backwards and forwards she aimlessly steamed, and after colliding with the fish wharf dashed into a Fraserburgh trawler, and finally ran aground in the navigation channel.

In fining the master £25 for allowing the mate to steer while drunk, Sheriff Robertson said it was the third case of trawlers running amuck within the past few months.

THEATRE HELPS HOSPITALS.

A few months ago the extension of the Great Eastern Hospital for Children, in Hackney-road, was opened.

Now, however, it is found by the governors that the work is beyond their powers, and unless the sum of £4,000 is raised before the end of the year, it will be absolutely necessary to close no fewer than fifty-seven beds.

Mr. George Davey, the lessee of the Grand Theatre, Islington, has arranged a special Ticket Benefit for the funds of the hospital, to extend over four weeks, commencing from Monday last. He will also be pleased to receive subscriptions to the fund.

Miss Fisher, the daughter of the First Sea Lord, launched H.M. scout Attentive at Elswick.

At Gloucester will be sold, on December 1, a snuff-box which belonged to Dean Swift.

"Exhilarology" was the title of an address delivered in Hanley on the joys and music of life.

Liverpool Guardians are strenuously objecting to having a Scandinavian lunatic dumped on them from America, where he is refused entry.

Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., M.P., will preside at the ladies' night concert of the Legal Musical Society, at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Friday, December 2.

PRISONER GUIDE TO A POLICEMAN.

Surely if a man taken into custody for being drunk is accepted by the constable as a guide to the way to the police station there is a doubt as to the extent of his inebriety, yet Thomas Jackson, a Cleethorpes fisherman, has been fined 9s. by the Grimsby Bench.

He described his arrest to the magistrates. "The constable took me down a street in New Cleethorpes, and when I asked him where we were going, 'Going,' he says, 'why to gaol, of course.' 'Well, this isn't the way,' says I. 'No, I don't think it is,' says he; 'let's try the next street.' So we went back and tried the next street, and we got there all right then."

WHEN ASSAULT IS ALLOWED.

The ethics of assault have been laid down by Mr. Stewart at Liverpool.

"If a man comes into your house," he said, "and picks up a poker to strike you, you are entitled to pick up the tongs and fence with him, and if you hit him with the tongs he cannot complain of being assaulted, because he would have struck you first if he could."

"But if, on the other hand, you take the poker out of his hand and strike him with it you are guilty of an assault, because you struck an unarmed man. That is as clear a distinction as I can make."

LONDON'S APPETITE.

Issued by the City Corporation a return shows that during the month of October 34,129 tons of meat were delivered at the London Central Markets as compared with 37,940 tons in October, 1903, a decrease of 3,818 tons.

The amount of fish delivered at Billingsgate Market last month was 17,191, an increase of 989 tons on the delivery for October, 1903.

At the Metropolitan Cattle Market 7,836 head of cattle, 40,358 sheep, 84 calves, and 270 pigs were received. At the Foreign Cattle Market 14,408 head of cattle and 8,057 sheep were delivered from the U.S.A. ports and from Canada.

HELPING THE POLICE.

In some parts of Liverpool onlookers are more prone to assist the prisoner than the police in the case of an arrest.

On this subject, however, the alderman holds strong views, and he has informed the police: "I want you to remember that you have a right to call upon any person in a crowd to come to your assistance in the King's name."

"If you recognise any person in the crowd who does not come to your help, I will issue a warrant for his arrest, and have him tried at the assizes, where the offence would be dealt with as a very serious one."

WRAPPER-WRITERS' STRIKE.

Even the worm will turn, and a firm of goldsmiths in the neighbourhood of Regent-street have discovered that there is a limit to the meekness of envelope addressers.

Three shillings per 1,000 was the miserable remuneration at which the men were engaged. They were, however, made to waste considerable time pending the arrival of stationery, for which any allowance was refused.

The attitude of the irate writers became so threatening that the services of the police were called in, when, on the advice of the inspector, the demands of the men were conceded.

MAN WHO SLEPT STANDING.

A policeman found William Nuttall, of Accrington, at nearly midnight asleep in a field.

At the police court the chief constable stated that Nuttall was a most extraordinary character. He could sleep standing and even while walking, but preferred the middle of an open field for his slumbers, caring nothing for rain or snow.

The last time he was before the Court he fell asleep in the dock.

Nuttall pleaded not to be sent to gaol. It was, he said, so draughty in prison. He was, however, committed to gaol for a month.

ST. PETER'S IN PICCADILLY.

St. Peter's at Rome is now at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, in the form of a marvellous model.

This shows all the wonderful chapels and shrines, and beyond being a beautiful work of art, has a surpassing historical interest.

"WAITS" WHO WON'T.

The waits are warbling all over London partly out of habit and partly out of tune.

"One thing they will not do," writes a Scottish correspondent, "Wait!"

Blackpool's new widened promenade has been completed at a cost of £200,000.

His Majesty the King has forwarded a present of pheasants for the inmates of the Middlesex Hospital.

Middlesex Education Committee will acquire two acres of land on which to give lessons in horticulture.

MEN WITH MUFFS.

Amid the chilly weather conditions of yesterday four foreigners, carrying fur muffs, passed down the Soho district into Oxford-street.

The men seemed happy and comfortable, and thus they attracted envious looks from many a shivering pedestrian.

RAMPION ROOTS ON SALE.

The roots of the rampion, which many people like as an ingredient in a winter salad, are now on sale in some shops.

The rampion, which hails from the South of Europe, was more in request by a former generation.

BEER AND CHILLIES.

It was elicited in the course of a coroner's inquiry in Liverpool that chillies are taken by plasterers' labourers in their beer as a specific in case of illness.

Medical evidence was to the effect that William Adamson died not from the effects of the chillies, but of chronic alcoholism.

BIRMINGHAM TEMPERANCE CLUBS.

Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, and other prominent men in Birmingham, have taken one of the public baths to fit up as a working man's club for the winter, at a cost of £300.

This is a continuation of the movement started a year ago for the provision of counter attractions to the public-houses, which has already opened sixty-temperance social clubs.

DEATH OF A CITY LAW OFFICIAL.

In the City of London Court, yesterday, Judge Rentoul, K.C., announced the sudden death, through heart failure that morning, of Mr. G. J. Mitchell, the clerk of the Judges' Court, who had been associated with the Court for forty years.

Mr. Mitchell, who was sixty-five years of age, was in apparently good health the previous day, and discharged his official duties as usual.

PISTOLS ON THE HIGHWAY.

Tworh Guy Fawkes celebrations have been renewed by the local magistrates on Frank Flatman being brought before them charged with firing a pistol on the highway.

It was stated that scores of young men paraded the High-street with pistols, and Flatman told the police superintendent he would not stop firing if the King asked him.

He was fined 10s. and costs.

"MOSTLY FOOLS."

Stepping into the witness-box at the Salford Police Court, a working man asked if he could pay 15s. towards a fine which had been imposed upon a friend who was unable to pay.

The Stipendiary: "It's very good of you, but he has been up three times this year, and I think he wants a lesson."

Applicant: "It takes all the fools to make the world up. If you take away the fools there might be nobody left. The application was granted."

TOWNS WITHOUT UNEMPLOYED.

There are two towns in the West Riding of Yorkshire whose councils have passed resolutions stating that they have no people out of work, save the few who are unable and unwilling.

These towns are Dewsbury and Batley, in the centre of the heavy woollen district.

Though so near Leeds, Wakefield, and other centres where the unemployed trouble is acute, they are not only prosperous, but phenomenally and abnormally so.

COINCIDENCES OF ACCIDENT.

On Tuesday judgment was given in the London Admiralty Court in an action brought by the Lowestoft trawler Osprey against the Grangemount steamer Enriqueta for damages sustained by collision in Lowestoft Harbour.

Strangely enough, on the same day the Enriqueta was once more entering Lowestoft Harbour with a coal cargo, and collided with another trawler, the Nancy, this time having a hole knocked in her side under exactly the same circumstances that the Osprey was damaged.

UNSOOUND "KOSHER" MEAT.

Dr. Collingridge, the City medical officer, will today, at a meeting of the Court of Common Council, recommend that the facts of a seizure of kosher meat unfit for food be submitted to the Chief Rabbi.

It has always been understood, the medical officer points out, that the "kosher" stamp was a guarantee as to the fitness for food of any meat on which it was placed; indeed, to the high standard of their food supply, as obtained by careful inspection, the longevity and freedom from disease of the Jewish race has been largely attributed.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at
2, CARMELITE-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1904.

"NATURAL DEATH."

IF the angels have no sense of humour," says "John Oliver Hobbes," in one of her witty novels, "they must weep a great deal." Even a sense of humour, one would think, could hardly keep them from weeping over the verdict a British jury has just returned upon the body of a poor little seven-year-old boy, who died from starvation and neglect. "Natural Death," they said. In the capital of the greatest Empire in the world death from starvation is "natural death!"

It was not culpable neglect which brought about this tiny sufferer's end. His mother worked as hard as she could to keep her family, while the father was out of work and in hospital. Sometimes she earned 7s. 6d. a week; sometimes 8s. That was all the parents and four children had to live upon. Think of it! Seven-and-sixpence—a sum which many people who do not call themselves rich often spend on a lunch, on a bottle of wine, even; less than you pay for your stall at the theatre; about a sixth of what a woman gives for a "cheap" hat: that had to lodge and feed and clothe six people for a week.

Is it "natural" for such misery to exist in the midst of so much extravagance? Is it "natural" for children—little mites with hollow, piteous cheeks and a look of dumb, painful resignation in their eyes—to die because they have not enough to eat? Is it "natural" for a citizen of no mean city to seek work early and late and find no one to hire him?

If it is, let us give up talking about the benefits of civilisation. Let us speak of the curse of civilisation, the devil's mockery of progress, the hell upon earth that is created for thousands and hundreds of thousands by social conditions such as prevail in England to-day. If there be no remedy for the awful state of the very poor in all our great cities, let us frankly admit that life is simply a heartless fight in which the weak and the unfortunate are bound to suffer hideously and be crushed out of the struggle.

But before we accept this negation of all we have been taught, of all that the churches believe, or pretend to believe, of all that politicians urge—before we accept it, let us be quite sure. Is there no leader of men in Britain at this moment who will come forward as the champion of the poor? Is there no one who can point out a way and induce the nation to follow it; of saving, at any rate, the next generation from the same plight?

If there be such a man, in God's name let him come forward. Never has England so sorely needed him.

GREAT POSSIBILITIES.

Paris is greatly excited over a discovery that radish roots can be made to grow potatoes if they are humoured in a certain way. As it is much cheaper and easier to grow potatoes from potato roots, we do not, for our part, quite see what all the fuss is about.

Of course, if the discoverer goes on there may come a time when the familiar question, "Does one gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" may be answered "Yes" instead of "No." But for the present this freak invention leaves us cold.

If anybody could find out an inexpensive way of inducing mangel-wurzels to become pineapples, or hazel-nut trees to produce hot-house grapes, then we should lend a willing ear to his instructions. Now that the game has been set a-going, possibly someone will. Often a discovery of something useless leads to all sorts of valuable developments.

For a long time electricity was merely a toy. Very few people ever thought of it as anything else. Even when we had the telegraph it seemed unlikely that the telephone would ever be made anything more than an amusing ingenuity. So, perhaps, this radish and potato discovery may have within it the seeds of tremendous changes in the vegetable world.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The best way for a man to seem to be anything is really to be what he would seem to be.—*Archbishop Tillston.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

NO one is really "in the swim" nowadays unless he or she has had a genuine motor-car accident. This time the accident has come to Mrs. Ogden Goelet, the well-known and very wealthy mother of our own Duchess of Roxburghe. Mrs. Goelet has enough money to avoid

almost anything unpleasant but motor accidents. On one occasion she entertained King Edward, then Prince of Wales, on her yacht at Cowes. A dinner was given on board, and after dinner the incomparable Yvette Guilbert sang some of her best songs. She was given the pleasant little sum of £700 for doing so.

Hewell Grange, Worcestershire, where Lord and Lady Windsor are entertaining the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, is an admirable example of modern architecture. Lord Windsor built it about fifteen years ago on the site of the old classic Grange, which he found very inconvenient. Lord Windsor himself designed the place, as he also designed his beautiful house just off Park-lane. He is very artistic in tastes, and Hewell contains the evidence of this in the splendid collections which he has brought from all over Europe.

Lord Windsor is, besides, a very keen motorist. But he is a trifle nervous about the possibility of accidents. This is no wonder, for he began life with a very bad one. He is a good-looking man, but he would have been better-looking still if it had not been for a mishap at school. He was fielding one day at point, and a hard cut caught him on the nose, broke the bridge of it, and knocked him senseless.

Lady Windsor is also very fond of motoring. She was formerly known as Miss "Gay" Paget, and was the daughter of one of our ambassadors at Vienna. When she married she was privileged to be the subject of a clever, if rather obvious, witticism. A society woman in the church observed quite audibly as she went up the aisle: "There she goes, the merry wife of Windsor." The description of that rare bird, a witty society woman, has clung to Lady Windsor ever since.

A good many people, in these quick-living days, have doubtless already forgotten the existence of Jabez Balfour. But those who happen to have had financial dealings with him most certainly have not. They will learn, with a very mixed satisfaction, that he is to be released next year. No doubt he will be as sprightly as ever. He never allowed himself to be depressed by circumstances. When he was waiting for the verdict in 1895 he asked pleasantly of those who stood near him whether W. G. Grace had scored well that afternoon.

It was a pity that Jabez Balfour's methods of paying dividends should have resulted in collapse so soon. For he was already on the way to a distinguished Parliamentary career. He was elected in 1880, and his charm of manner, especially when making out cheques, was highly appreciated by the Liberal Party. He was, in fact, approaching the Cabinet when the smash came. It was a race between the Cabinet and the smash for some months. Unfortunately for Jabez the smash won.

Next to being Speaker there is scarcely any situation for which members of the House of Commons compete more vigorously than for the honour of being the oldest or the youngest member. Until the recent election of Lord Turnour Mr. Rigg, the member for Appleby, was the youngest member of the House. Now he thinks of resignation. His nose is "out of joint." Mr. Rigg distinguished himself last session by bringing in a Bill to prevent small boys smoking. Someone unkindly said: "Well, he ought to know whether it hurts them or not. He's only a small boy himself."

Everybody has been reading Mr. Bart Kennedy's amusing experiences as a tramp, recorded for the "Daily Mail." A tramp ought to have adventures, if nobody else does nowadays, and Mr. Kennedy has had thousands. He has been a sailor, a navvy, a gold-miner, a cook, and an opera singer, as well as a tramp. Particularly wonderful were his experiences amongst the American Indians. He lived amongst them in a settlement on the Pacific slope. He went there with four other sailors, and only he and one wounded companion got back from the little trip alive.

When Mr. Kennedy began to write he knew no grammar, no syntax, no spelling. That was in 1890. He met a journalist in New York, and the journalist's "side" lead Mr. Kennedy into emulation. He annoyed that journalist very much by learning how to do it even better than he could. Everybody knows the result. But Mr. Kennedy spent nearly two years battering at editors' doors before he could get anything taken.

Hundreds of people will be glad to show their respect and admiration for Mrs. Edmund Phelps by attending her benefit at His Majesty's Theatre to-morrow. Although Mrs. Phelps is old enough to remember the "palmy days" of stock companies and many parts, she does not consider herself a "retired" actress. She does not quite approve of the modern actor playing a social part as well as a theatrical one. She prefers the older system. And yet, in Mrs. Phelps's early days, a good salary was fixed at £3 10s. a week!—scarcely enough to satisfy a mere "walker-on" to-day.

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

NOVEMBER 24.—The last leaves of the year are coming down. Soon even the oaks and elms will be standing bare. Dead leaves should be carefully collected. Placed in some damp corner to decay gradually they will make the valuable leaf-mould so much coveted by gardeners. Now is the best time to plant flowering trees. The smallest garden should boast of at least one specimen. The almond-tree, with its pink blossoms in early spring, the yellow-flowered laburnum, the lilac, the lovely pink and white May, they are all beautiful, and all well within reach. E. F. T.

A SEASONABLE REMINDER.



Cheerful Person in Fur Coat: Glad to see you, Winter! Jolly seasonable weather! Winter: Yes, but don't forget those who find it anything but jolly—especially children. [See article on the "Evening News" Children's Boot Fund, p. 10.]

THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

The Storm in the Yorkshire Dales.

AFTER a week of mild, open weather, marked by days of spring-like brilliance, while the greater part of the country lay gasping under choking fogs, Monday evening closed in on a fairy scene of silver moonlight flooding a world of calm, frosted purity.

Then the savagery of the blizzard was unleashed, and swept down out of the North with blinding fury upon the sleeping hamlets. In the morning the hardy dalesman woke to find his windows blurred with a thick veil of adhering snow, while the whistling gale was driving in icy sprays through every crack and crevice. Outside the snow lay piled in great fantastic mounds and weird wreaths in fold and field, on meadow and highway, and across the upland passes between dale and dale the storm king had thrown up impregnable fortifications, ten, twelve, and twenty feet high.

Here all trace of a six-foot wall was obliterated under the far-reaching wreathing, and here a great house was completely buried in a snowy grave. Anxious farmers, the word "overblown" pulsing through their brains, were plunging their way hither and thither, now knee-deep, now thigh-deep, searching the hills for buried sheep.

Here a mail-cart driver, his vehicle hopelessly embedded in a great drift, was forcing his way on one of his unyoked horses to the next stage, and there another mail-carrier, leaving his abandoned trap in the care of a friendly farmer, was struggling forward afoot, the bag slung across his shoulders.

Even when the sun broke out in the forenoon, and the sky was fair with light white fleecy clouds scudding across it, the sight on the mountain-tops and the rugged fell heights was weirdly strange. For there the gale caught up the powdery stuff and hurled it about in great shining clouds in the laughing sunshine, and the mountain summits were veiled in the thick white mists of the raging snow-whirls.—*Yorkshire Post.*

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. Alfred Beit.

HE has offered to the University of Oxford, and the University has accepted, the money to found a Professorship of Colonial History. The reason he has done this is because he "thinks Imperially," and can afford to be generous.

Exactly how much he is worth probably he alone knows, but he is many times a millionaire. Not that he cares for millions. Mr. Rhodes once said, "All Beit wants is £1,000 a year for his mother." Still, when you are a financial genius you cannot help accumulating wealth, even if you give as much away as Mr. Beit does.

It is fifty odd years since he was born in Hamburg, and at an early age he went to South Africa, and became closely associated with that country in general and Kimberley in particular. Wealth poured in.

He does not look a millionaire. He is not ostentatious, and he is not fat. He is a little man, with a pale, clear-cut face and large brown eyes.

Perhaps his eyes are the most striking things about him. They are the eyes of a dreamer, except when he becomes excited. Then they roll and show the whites. And the whites, too, are unusual, for they are of that peculiar bluish but transparent tinge which is so rare.

Physically he is a bundle of nerves. Not only do his eyes roll when he is excited, but he is literally unable to sit still. His hands move jerkily this way and that, every now and then tugging at his short moustache.

Well-informed, well-read, well-travelled, and well-groomed, he is welcome wherever he goes. His tastes are eclectic, he is something of a musician, has an eye for an old master, knows a good deal about old furniture, and never wears diamonds.

Among his friends, and he has many, he is known as Alfred, and spoken of as "The Little Man."

CAMERA-REPORTS



BUILDING COLLAPSE IN HACKNEY THAT BURIED A MAN IN THE WRECKAGE.



The foundations of this house in Mare-street suddenly collapsed, burying a man in the ruins. He was extricated in a critical condition. A crowded tramcar passed a few moments before the smash.—(Hester, Clapton.)

MOBILISING RUSSIAN PEASANTS.



They do not look very promising military material, but they are being taken from their farms and sent to fight the Japanese.

LONGEST WHISKERS.



Alexander Wilkie, of Upper Craigie, Perth, boasts a beard more than eight feet long. It is still growing.

"WIMBLEDON NELL."



She collected about 9s. a day at Wimbledon Station for the orphans of London and South Western Railway servants. She has just died.

REV. W. F. SHAW, D.D.



A famous divine of Huddersfield, who has just died, aged sixty-five.—(Fradelle and Young.)

SCOTCH HERRING



East coast fishing towns are invaded by buxton.



On the left is a portrait of a Scotch herring lass.

A PITIFUL GROUP OF



In this bitter weather thousands of children in London, has started a fund to shoe them, through readers are asked to send subscriptions direct.



SEEN BY THE SNAPSHOT MAN



AT LOWESTOFT.



otland, who help to reap the herring



On the right are typical herring-boats.

ESS SCHOOLBOYS.



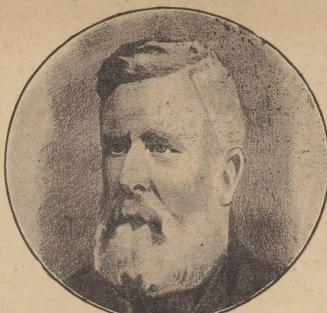
for their feet. The "Evening News,"
paying for each pair. "Daily Mirror"
ning News," Carmelite House, E.C.

MODEL OF HELL BUILT AT TUXFORD HALL.



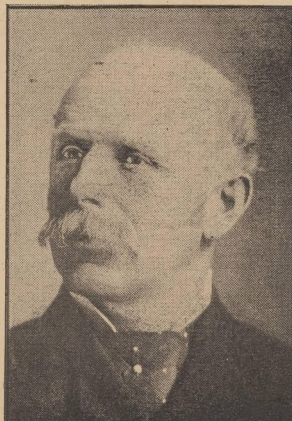
Satan, in chains, guarding the gates
of Mr. Wilson's Hell. On his face is
a hideous grin, in his hands a skull.

MR. R. S. WILSON,



Inventor of the model Hell, who has
just died. The Hell is to be sold by
auction on November 30.

MR. W. "SHOOLBRED.



A partner in the well-known Totten-
ham Court-road furnishing firm, who
has just died.-(Elliot and Fry.)



A corner of the Inferno. It contains a model fire, into which the owner, Mr.
Wilson, cast effigies of King Alcohol, the Tobacco Devil, the president of the
Primrose League, etc.

ANOTHER OF MR. WILSON'S CURIOSITIES.



A stone coffin which contained the body and the heart of a mitred abbot of York.

RUSSIAN SAILORS BURY JAPANESE.



The fighting forces pay full honours to the bodies of their enemies who die within
their lines.

THE JUDGES' SECRET.

By Andrew Loring, "Mr. Smith of England."

PERSONS OF THE STORY.

Sir ALANSON GASCOYNE, Judge of the High Court.
LADY GASCOYNE (Rosamond), his Wife.
RICHARD DEVERILL, in love with Lady Gascoyne. She has compromised herself by visiting his chambers, but of this her husband is still ignorant.
Mrs. LA GRANGE, Lady Gascoyne's friend, a social butterfly, heavily in debt.
HAROLD SOMERTON, Mrs. La Grange's brother, a blackguard, wron, but has since made money. Knowing of the intrigue between Deverill and Lady Gascoyne, he blackmails Deverill into helping him to regain his position in society. Through Deverill he offers his sister, who for a long time has "cut" him, £2,000 to invite him to dinner.
GERTRUDE GASCOYNE, the Judge's sister, whom Somerton has set his heart on marrying.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Mr. Deverill Chooses.

"I had arranged to dine early quietly at home," said Lady Gascoyne, "and I was going on to the Opera. I wanted to hear the overture. My husband is at some public function. Yes, I am free to stay, Hermione."

"And you?" said Mrs. La Grange, turning to Deverill.

He looked down at his clothes.

"Oh, never mind that," said the hostess. "It's all settled then."

She turned away to her guests, and Lady Gascoyne followed her.

Deverill lighted a cigarette, sat down in a garden seat under a tree, and watched her moodily. Mrs. La Grange's new attitude towards her brother was a card which played directly into Rosamond's hands. The alternative choice was now possible. If Harold Somerton were really to be taken up by his sister, the first part of the agreement would be performed. Deverill thought he knew something of life, but he was appalled at the cynical foresight of Somerton, in arranging to bribe his way into a sister's good graces.

All my pleading went for nothing," he said to himself, "family love desire to help a brother—all nothing; but—two thousands pounds, and the trick is done. Egad, what a world!"

When seven o'clock came and everybody had gone, Lady Gascoyne came flying to Deverill's side.

"At last," she panted, "the price, Dick, quick?" He felt bound to tell the whole truth, though he knew that in so doing he destroyed his last hope of bringing her to his wishes.

"It is not money," he began slowly, "the fellow asks social position."

"Absurd," she cried. "He might as well ask for the moon."

"So I told him. His significant answer was, that if he did not get it, he would leave you alone, he proposed to have an interview with Mr. Justice Gascoyne."

Rosamond trembled. Put in this way the danger came closer home to her.

"Be definite," she exclaimed. "And, Dick, be fair to me. Tell me the plain truth. I trust you to do that."

"You shall know everything," he said, "just as I know it. I shall put myself and my views quite aside. You have the right to decide for yourself."

She flashed him a grateful look. She believed, and truthfully, that his great aim was to secure her all to himself not only for love of her, but because he had become bitterly restive in the network of treachery and deceit in which he had involved himself and her.

"This man's idea," he continued, "is not entirely ridiculous, I admit that. He has no illusions, he does not expect a great deal—at first. He begged me to use my influence, such as it was, with his sister."

"Ah," she interrupted, "that's what you were talking about—and does she know why you have consented to be his messenger?"

"What an absurd question, Rose—of course not." "You don't mean," she said, "that Hermione accepted you as a volunteer in the good cause. You can't expect me to believe that she did not see some motive behind your action."

"I'm sure she didn't," he answered. "If she had I should have guessed it. She laughed at me—absolutely refused to have anything to do with him. That's why I felt myself forced to tell you everything. If she had agreed to receive her brother in the first place I should have tried to play his game throughout without your knowing anything about it."

"It was thoughtful of you to wish to spare me. It is better, though, that I know everything. Now she seems to be changing her mind. Why, do you suppose?"

Deverill could not bring himself to utter the stinging truth that lingered on the tip of his tongue. He did not like to say that the thought of dressmakers' bills had apparently made such a sum as two thousands pounds loom very large in the eyes of Hermione La Grange.

"He asks to be invited here to dinner, and received as a brand snatched from the burning. He promises to be very discreet."

"I don't wonder you are indignant. You might have known that his price was not a small one."

"Oh, but I never dreamed of this! This is too awful. I went to court once. I saw some prisoners in the dock, the dock that he has been in—ugh! I couldn't possible meet him, Dick. The man's notorious."

"Precisely what I have said," returned Deverill.

"The idea is too appalling. You will come to me way of thinking after all, Rose."

"Oh, no! I never will. Of course, he only wants money, all these people do."

"On the contrary," cried Deverill, with an air of triumph, "he's got loads of it. He's worth more than all the lot of us put together. He proved it to me. That's why he wants to be respectable again."

Deverill saw his hour of conquest approaching, saw himself defying the world with this beautiful woman by his side, this woman who had enslaved him so entirely. He struggled successfully to restrain the passionate appeal that rose to his lips. It was not the time for that. What he had to do now was only to put the true weight on these impossible notions of Rosamond's—and Rosamond would be his, and his alone.

It took Lady Gascoyne some time to assimilate the idea that a blackmailer existed in this world who could not be bought with money.

"I wonder," she said, after a long silence, "if Hermione is really going to take him up?"

She tapped the tiny toe of the fine patent leather boot which projected from beneath her skirt with the little cane which she carried, and seemed to be thinking deeply.

"A sister," cried Deverill, vehemently. "He has claims on her. She may feel it a duty, she—"

Lady Gascoyne lifted a pale and troubled face to his, and a slight smile flickered across her lips.

"To help her?" she said. "What have you said to her? You must have given me away; you must have hinted that it would help me."

"Not a word," he answered. "She has no suspicion. Why bother about it any more, though? You see, it is impossible."

"Oh, I am not so sure. If his sister condones his acts, ought we to be more critical; ought not we to help her? She was very good to us, Dick, that night. How bravely she stepped into the breach."

It had taken three minutes for Lady Gascoyne to become reconciled to the idea of meeting Harold Somerton in the house of his sister. It took her longer to swallow the next demand.

"I dare say we owe her gratitude," said Deverill, "but hardly to the extent that he demands. He has an idea that it would be pleasant to dine at Knolly House."

"Never," cried Lady Gascoyne, indignantly. "I will not have him inside my doors."

"How absurdly I am talking," she exclaimed. "I forget, forget all the time that it is he who is asking himself, not I who am inviting him. Well, suppose he came. Does he expect to find Sir Alanson there?"

Deverill was tempted to respond with a prompt assent. He adhered to his resolution, however, to be perfectly fair and truthful.

"No, he has one glimmer of reason. His idea is to come to dinner here, and that you shall ask him to a quiet meal at your house. He pledges himself not to boast of it, agrees, as I say, not to recognise you in public for a time. Now, you might guess for ten years why he wants to meet me here and you'd never be right. I hesitate to tell you, it sounds so absurd. The man fancies himself in love with Gertrude."

Lady Gascoyne was too much astonished to do other than utter an indignant exclamation.

"It's true. Now, you know the price. He is going, I am sure, at that dinner to insist on your help in winning Gertrude. I can guess pretty well what he will say to you. He will ask you to speak of him to her, to tell her of his reformation, to praise him for persistence in well-doing, to talk about the pleasure you have had in stretching out your hand to help one who showed that he deserved it."

"I never heard such an absurdity in my life—a gaol-bird thinking he can marry the sister of Mr. Justice Gascoyne! Dick, I'm beginning to be really afraid of this man. I think him mad."

"The method in his madness is quite striking. I can assure you. And you have either got to follow the orders and obey the commands of this madman—or—"

He stopped with a significant pause on the last word.

"Suppose he doesn't succeed with her. Suppose Gertrude refuses—even to see him, as of course she will—what then?"

"Precisely—you only postpone the evil day. As soon as he sees the cross folly of his idea, he will fly into a rage, say that you haven't done your part, and then—all is over."

Lady Gascoyne considered for an instant, then she turned quickly, and gave her instantaneous decision.

"Dick," she said, "this man must have his way."

"Think it over," he cried. "Be sure you know what's in front of you. You are making a great mistake, Rosamond. You will live through weeks of misery—all for nothing in the end."

might die, his views might change, there might be another pogrom, Dick."—

She lowered her voice and looked about her as though fearful of being overheard.

"Gertrude is a very odd girl. Dick. Who knows, she loves the poor, she adores criminals. She—"

He looked at her for one instant with an expression which she had never before seen on his face. "It was almost that of contempt."

"It would be her own affair, Dick."

Richard Deverill started hastily to his feet. He was shocked, disillusioned, for an instant.

"I would not buy even your safety at such a price," he said bluntly.

She confronted him instantly. She was angry, there was no doubt about that. An ugly frown disfigured her beautiful forehead. Her languorous eyes were blazing. He had never seen her like that before. Her words inevitably fell in such a way as to form almost an echo of those of Harold Somerton.

"You have to choose between her and me," she cried, "and you choose—her. This, then, is the treatment I receive in the moment in which you have placed me in this awful position. I believed in you, I trusted you; and to-day, when you cough with this awful news, I do not utter one reproach. Then you tell me that I must be sacrificed to her. Let the man do his worst. I will fight him alone. This is the end."

She turned abruptly and walked towards the house, careless of who might have seen, reckless of what might have heard.

Deverill paused for an instant, undecided what to do. It never occurred to him, as it might have occurred to some men, to accept this solution of his difficulty. It would have been so easy to walk out of the front gate, to slip back to his chambers, to pack a portmanteau, and run off for a long holiday.

"She'll have hysterics, and blurt out everything to Mrs. La Grange," he said to himself. He hurried after her across the lawn, and followed through the open French window of the drawing-room.

"I was just coming to look for you," cried Mrs. La Grange, as he entered the room. He saw that Rosamond had flung herself into a chair in a shadowed corner. He divined that Mrs. La Grange had only that moment come into the apartment, and had noticed nothing.

"Lady Gascoyne is there," he said, waving his hand in her direction. "I have just been telling her what I told you. I am afraid that my appeal has rather affected her. We both sympathise very much with your position, Mrs. La Grange. You have a difficult decision to come to."

"Yes, I feel it," responded that lady, walking meditatively over and sitting down beside her friend.

Deverill promptly began to argue with great fluency for this erring brother, who was so humbly desirous of re-entering the fold. He hardly knew where he was saying.

"It simply amounts to this," were Deverill's closing words, "the poor beggar wants a chance, and not such a very big chance after all. A quiet dinner—who's to know about it? He feels that it will be the beginning of his restoration to self-respect."

"What do you think about it, Rosamond?" asked Mrs. La Grange, inclining her head.

"I think, Hermione," answered Lady Gascoyne in a quavering voice, which added a pathetic touch to her words, "that you really ought to give him another chance. I have been very much affected by Mr. Deverill's appeal, I admit it. We are your friends, and we feel that we ought to stand by you in a trial like this. If you will allow me I am going to help you all I can."

"You dear thing," cried Mrs. La Grange, impulsively throwing an affectionate arm about her staunch friend. "I do think it is so sweet of you. You won't mind meeting him here, then? It will take the edge off an awkward meeting if you will consent to be present."

"Of course I will. It was the first idea that came into my head when Mr. Deverill told me. I will do more than that, Hermione. If all goes well on that first night I'll ask him to come to me."

"Rosamond," cried the astonished Mrs. La Grange, "really, you are too kind. Is that necessary?"

"It will help him to help himself, don't you see, dearest," answered Lady Gascoyne with her softest smile. "I am sure it will all come out right. Mr. Deverill has put the case so strongly that I simply cannot refuse. I wish to do everything in reason that your brother may desire."

"How kind you both are," exclaimed Mrs. La Grange gratefully. "Wait, I have an idea. We are all here together. Who knows when we may have a free night again? Why shouldn't we get it over now? It is only a quarter past seven. I'll put dinner back half an hour."

She did not wait for a reply, but ran out to the telephone in the hall.

"I'm sorry, Dick," said Lady Gascoyne, coming over and placing a hand on his shoulder. "I did not mean to be disagreeable—but I hate Gertrude Gascoyne, and you may as well know it. She watches me all the time. She disapproves of everything I do, she suspects my every act. Remember, Dick—you have promised. We must all work together to carry it through. Listen."

They heard Mrs. La Grange's voice at the telephone.

"He is coming," whispered Lady Gascoyne. "Shoulder to shoulder now, Dick—in everything. You promise?"

"Yes."

(To be continued.)

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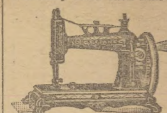
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HAIR RESTORER.
DARKENS IN A FEW DAYS.

Fels-Naptha

Fair trade is trade that
profits the seller a penny, the
buyer a shilling.
Go by the book.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E.C.

THE REAL SONGS OF THE SAILOR.

The Forgotten "Chanties" Heard Once More Last Night.

The modern steamship has sounded the knell of the old sailing ship. The "wind-jammer" has given place to the steam tramp, and the old "chanties," the songs without which no true sailor-man of the old school hauled on a rope, are hardly more than memories now.

The original idea of the "chantie" was to enable the men to keep time when hauling. There was one well-known "chantie" called "Whiskey Johnnie." The man at the head of the rope would sing the first line, "Oh, Whiskey killed my brother Tom," the men behind taking up the second line, "Whiskey"—"Johnnie" and giving a pull to each word.

Last night, at the Pavilion Music Hall, a number of these "Folk-songs of the Sea," were revived, with the appropriate setting of a ship's deck and the accompanying action.

There is not what one would call much sense in the words, but they are merely intended as a vehicle for the melodies, which have all the sweetness and simplicity of land-folk songs. It carried the audience back twenty-five years to hear

We're all aloft in a very fine clipper,
Blow, boys, blow,
Taut and snug, a very fine ripper,
Blow, my bully boys, blow!

Now haul, my lads, and haul her over,
Blow, boys, blow,
Come give her a haul and bowl her over,
Blow, my bully boys, blow!

Soon we'll hear the skipper shouting,
Blow, boys, blow,
Grog! Oh, lads, for that we're waiting,
Blow, my bully boys, blow!

The words are even absurd in some cases, but the tunes are always sweet, as in—

Blow the man down, blow the man down!
Weigh heigh! blow the man down!
Give her a haul and send her along.
Give me some time to blow the man down!

The mack'el was singing 'I'm king of the sea,
With a weigh heigh! blow the man down!
Give her a pull, we're bound for to go.
Give me some time to blow the man down!

"Haul on the Bowlin'" was like a breath from the sea.

Haul on the bowlin', the fore and main-top bowlin',
Haul on the bowlin', haul away Joy!

Haul on the bowlin', the skipper he's a-grooving,
Haul on the bowlin', haul away Joy!

Haul on the bowlin', to London we are going,
Haul on the bowlin', haul away Joy!

Haul on the bowlin', the main-topgallant bowlin',
Haul on the bowlin', haul away Joy!

But these old songs will not be lost now, for they have been collected and carefully arranged, and are to be published shortly by Messrs. Metzler and Co., of Great Marlborough-street, in a shilling album.

OTTERS AS PETS.

You Can Make Them Beg and Follow, But Beware of Their Teeth!

No one who has felt the sharp teeth of an otter is ever likely to forget it. They bite upon the smallest provocation, and they bite to good—or, rather, bad—purpose.

Yet it is possible to make pets of otters. They become in time quite domesticated. All the same, it is not wise to handle them, however good the relations may be between you.

My tame otter," says the Bristol Noble in an article in the "Shooting Times" capital Christmas number, "is a great pet, being very affectionate, and withal gentle and good-mannered. But, although it will nestle round my legs and climb up into my arms, I must not attempt to handle it as I handle my terrier."

Mr. Noble has had his otter ever since, as a wee mite, it was deserted by parents and brothers and sisters in a "holt" (i.e., otter's nest) on the River Ribbles. Young otters are queer little objects—greyish, with white bellies, rather stumpy tails, short legs, fat, rounded bodies, sparkling eyes, and whiskered muzzles. This little lone creature seemed pleased to have fallen into the hands of one who could take proper care of it, and, satisfied, even at that time, its prodigious appetite.

Now it will sit up and beg, and even follow its master about the country. But no amount of union with man can deprive it of its hereditary love for the river. Day and night it must be kept in confinement or under guard, or on every possible opportunity it will wade away to the nearest stream, instinct showing the way.

PRAYING FOR LANDLORDS.

Landlords are notoriously hard-hearted. To soften the hearts of landlords near Barrow-in-Furness a war in that place has recommended tenants to ask to Heaven.

In his "Prayer for Landlords," Canon Falle suggests that Heaven should prevent them from behaving like "covetous worldlings," from taking "unreasonable fines and incomes," from "stretching out the rents" generally. This eloquent appeal ought to assist that to assist that to assist that "hard times," which landlords can make so much harder if they set about it.

MEN AND WOMEN.

SPRITED ARGUMENT IN FAVOUR OF THE EQUALITY OF THE SEXES.

There is a well-known palmist and clairvoyante in Paris called Madame de Thèbes, who publishes every year a book of prophecies.

This year she does not content herself with foretelling a "red 1905," as a contrast to "grey 1904," and warning various royal families to "look out for squalls." She writes a long defence of women, who are, she declares, in every way equal and in some ways superior to men.

Never has she found in the hands she has examined any signs of general masculine superiority or general feminine inferiority. Among individuals she has come across more weak men than weak women. Women have more moral courage than men. They respond more easily to the "higher intellectual culture." They can stand pain better, and the tribulations of life generally.

A favourite argument is that women are inferior because they are not so strong as men. At that rate, men are inferior to horses, oxen, elephants, and even donkeys. All these animals have far more physical strength than the human race. Women are not judges, "because their delicacy of sentiment would make them too lenient"; they are not soldiers, "because they have received the mission to give sons to the nation, not to kill the sons of others"; and not priests, "for they have to devote themselves to their hearths and homes." But Woman is compensated for these exclusions by being a queen, who, by the force of goodness and beauty, rules the world in ruling those who govern it.

IN EIGHTY YEARS

A Single Small Shop Has Developed Into One of London's Largest Businesses.

Not many people who went yesterday to the memorial service for Mr. Walter Shoobred in a Mayfair church had known him as anything but a good-hearted clubman with a passion for sport, a fine house close to Hyde Park, and a deer forest which was reckoned the best in the Highlands.

They did not know the part he played long since (for he was an old man) in the development of the famous firm of Shoobred's in the Tottenham Court-road. It is just about eighty years since his father, James Shoobred, started in business as a draper. He made money, and soon got a big business together.

Then William Whiteley came upon the scene, and showed what could be done by "universal providing." James Shoobred saw his chance and took it. He entered the universal "providing" line, too. Gradually his premises grew and grew. One by one he bought up all the little shops around him. Now the firm of Shoobred owns an enormous block, and does a huge business in all sorts of directions.

WILL YOU HELP TO KEEP POOR CHILDREN WARM?

The "Evening News" Fund to Provide 32,000 Pairs of Good Boots for London's Little Ones.

It is terrible to think that 32,000 London children are going to school each day, in this bitter weather, either barefoot or with but apologies for boots upon their feet.

In the endeavour to do what is possible to make their lot better, the "Evening News," as we mentioned yesterday, has opened a fund to supply these poor mites with sound footwear, and has opened the work by ordering 2,000 pairs of boots at the expense of the paper. The average cost of the boots is 3s. per pair.

Yesterday the editor of the "Evening News" gave the *Daily Mirror* some facts about the work. "You ask how our boot fund arose," he said, in reply to the obvious first question. "The 'Evening News,' possessing, as it does, perhaps the largest circulation within London itself of any newspaper, and being always in very close touch with its readers, is necessarily kept well informed of the social conditions prevailing throughout the metropolis. For some time it has been forced upon us that the distress this winter promises to be worse than usual throughout all the poorer districts. This has been made plain both from letters we received from our readers and from inquiries made by our own staff.

"On October 11 the 'Evening News' printed an article entitled 'The Poorest School in London,' having reference to Bidder-street School, Canning Town. The facts were heartrending, and the day after the paper was received from a gracious and warm-hearted lady who had read them a considerable sum of money to be spent in providing boots and clothes for the little Bidder-street children who needed them. Following on this we determined to make an attempt to ascertain exactly how many children in London's poorer schools were without boots. "Undoubtedly the best source of information is the teaching staff. They know the needs of the

AN OPEN-AIR LIFE.

CITY MAN WHO HATED HIS OFFICE AND TOOK TO THE WOODS.

LIBERTY AND A LIVING. By Philip G. Hubert Putnam.

"Civilisation," says Mr. Hubert, in this most interesting and entertaining book, "should mean emancipation from drudgery. In the distant future each man will consider that the day is made for him, and that he who fails to enjoy himself . . . is a fool."

Mr. Hubert came to that conclusion after working all day for years in an office in New York. He made money, certainly, but he did not enjoy himself at all. At the end of the day he was tired out. He had no time for reading, no time for pleasant talks by the fireside, no time to spend the money he made.

So he determined to make less, and enjoy himself more. He determined to live very plainly, but at any rate to live. He would make his home in the country, with the wind and sun about him. He therefore started a little farm. It has proved very successful, and he lives there still, going to New York once or twice a year, and finds the life "delightful."

It is interesting to learn what Mr. Hubert does. Does he live on potatoes and turnips? Does he spend the day digging the fields?

Farming in New Jersey is far more interesting than that. Mr. Hubert shows us "the sort of life he leads" by quoting some pages of his farming diary. Take one day as typical of his life. One Tuesday morning was spent in the garden, hoeing and planting, "branching up tomato vines" and so on. Then he wrote from ten to twelve. In the afternoon he had a splendid time. He went "oystering" with his children. Little oystering could be done, however. The sea was too rough. So they went, "babes and all," to cut trees in the wood. They found a deserted orchard and picked "up enough apples to last a week." Then they had dinner, and until bedtime read Henry James!

Does not that sound more attractive than an office? Mr. Hubert has tried by practical lessons to convince City friends that there is a joy in his life beyond anything they can imagine, but has not always convinced them. He has completely convinced, however, that we are burning with envy for his farm, his oysters, his apples, and his life in the open air.

MARMALADE IN DANGER.

People who take their breakfasts seriously will learn with horror that marmalade, the staff of breakfasts, may become unattainably dearer. The Seville oranges have been attacked by a disease which makes them useless for marmalade.

What will breakfast-lovers do without it? What, especially will the universities do? There it is taken at lunch, at "starvation" lunches, as well as at breakfast; and a special training kind, unusually and horribly bitter, is used by boating men.



DO MIRACLES HAPPEN?

Mr. E. Neak says he has had hundreds of answers to his prayers, including the saving of the lives of his wife and son.

If Mr. Neak has this marvellous power, why has he not prayed for, and emptied, the hospitals? His responsibility is awful! G. M. LACKENZIE.
47, Muschamp-road, S.E.

A CURIOUS ERROR.

The following occurs in Mr. Hall Caine's last book, "The Prodigal Son":—"And then the opera; Chopin, Verdi, Wagner, Grieg! We are at the opera every night."

Neither Chopin or Grieg ever wrote an opera, so it would be interesting to know how Mr. Hall Caine's characters enjoyed performances of their works in Paris.
S. FRASER HARRIS.
Walton-on-Thames.

WINTER BATHING IN THE SEA.

You seem surprised that winter bathing takes place in the Serpentine and at New Brighton.

If you visit Plymouth on Christmas morn especially you will find from 100 to 150 bathers.

Woodside-avenue, Plymouth. W. WEAVER.

THE CAUSE OF FOG.

Your correspondent's suggestion re "The cure of fogs" is rather out of joint.

He evidently forgets that the higher the temperature of the air the greater the power it has of holding water vapour, and consequently any sudden drop in atmospheric temperature is likely to produce fog.

E. BANTING.
Charles-road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Chambers's Encyclopaedia.

A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge. In TEN VOLUMES. Imp. 8vo. Cloth, 25s; Half-Morocco, 47 10s. Bookellers allow the usual Discount Off Above Prices.

THIS INDISPENSABLE WORK is referred to in "P. P.'s Weekly" as "the best Encyclopaedia in the language. It is a miracle of accuracy, of fulness, and of cheapness."

CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPEDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Edited by DAVID PATRICK, LL.D. In Three Vols. Imp. 8vo. Cloth, £3 15s. 6d. net; Half-Morocco, £5 6s. net. Illustrated with nearly 300 engravings.

Dr. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, writing in the "British Weekly," says: "Mr. Patrick has achieved a magnificent triumph. The book is simply astonishing. It raises the whole standard of literary history among us."

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- 5s. Hazard and Heroism. Stories told by G. A. HENRY, LOUIS TRACY, etc. Glyn Severn's School-days. By G. M. PENN. With Eight Illustrations by CHAS. PEARSON. Brought to Heel. By KENT CARL. A School Story of engrossing interest.
- 3s. 6d. "Viva Christmas." By EDITH E. COWPER. The Adventures of a young Soldier with the British Legion.
- A School Champion. By ALFRED JACOBSON. A Girl's School Story.
- L. T. Meade's New Books for Girls. The Girls of Mrs. Pritchard's School. With Ten Illustrations by Lewis Baylis.
- 3s. A Modern Tomboy. With Eight Illustrations by CHAS. PEARSON.
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- 3s. 6d. net. BUSTER BROWN AND HIS RESOLUTIONS. "Buster" having carried out his resolve to make America laugh, now comes over to experiment on the British Public. He is successful all along the line.
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"Treats a difficult subject tactfully and sensibly."—"Star."

AND WIFE.

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OLIPHANT, ANDERSON & FERRIER, 215, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS FOR THE CHRISTMAS GIFT SEASON.

NURSERY LITERATURE.

AMUSING STORIES AND PICTURES IN COLOURS.

Children's books are all "twopence coloured" this year. In the wonderful nursery libraries of Raphael Tuck and Ernest Nister the paint-brush is used on every page. All the undying heroes and heroines of nursery fiction, with a good many new ones, dance before the eye in multi-coloured dresses—red, yellow, and blue.

The Children's Postcard Book.

"Father Tuck," as the great publisher calls himself when he caters for the nursery, is no mean judge of his patrons' wishes. He presents several novelties, chief among them a picture-book, painting book, and collection of picture-postcards all in one, a combination sure to have a ready sale.

To explain: Miss Hilda Cowham has painted an amusing series of seaside pictures on one page, and the same are reproduced in outline on the opposite page. As soon as the nursery artist has painted Miss Cowham's twenty-four outlines he can tear them out send them away as picture-postcards, retaining the coloured originals.

More Funny Pussies Cats.

Louis Wain's cats seem more numerous and comical than ever. Scores of them will be found in "Comical Company," one of Ernest Nister's marvellous sixpennyworths of pictures and rhymes, and in Tuck's "Pussies at Play."

Funny, also, are the antics of Mr. Farrow's ever-young "Wallypug of Whly," whose "Games," published by Raphael Tuck, are illustrated by Alan Wright in unmistakable colours. The Wallypug's cricket game is a most moving spectacle.

The Adventures of Some Dolls.

More ambitious than most of these coloured books is a quite delightful "Story of the Five Rebellious Dolls," in which E. Nesbit's letterpress is vigorously illustrated by E. Stuart Hardy. How the valiant soldier led the runaways, and Gentleman Jim, the wooden doll, acted as a raft at a

A MAN'S ROOM.

SCHEME FOR AN IDEAL SMOKING-DEN.

When it is possible to set aside one apartment in the house for use as a smoking-room this arrangement is conducive to comfort in the household, both for smokers and non-smokers.

A room that is an ideal one for comfort is of small proportions, and the walls are hung to within three or four feet of the ceiling with canvas of a warm, comfortable tone of copper-red, relieved with a simple but effective design in stencil, in two shades of tan. Above the canvas the frieze is of a rich cream colour, with a picture rail below. The floor is stained round the sides of the room, a good medium oak shade, and is covered in the centre with a brown Axminster carpet, or, if economy be an object, with jute rugs, for jute does not retain the odour of tobacco.

Fireside Seats of Oak.

The fireplace gives the salient characteristic to the apartment. A spacious, hospitable-looking hearth it is on which the fire burns in a low grate, its glow cheerfully reflected in the russet-brown tiles at the sides, upon which brass fire-irons are hung. All the woodwork of the fireplace, as well as that of the whole room, is painted a beautiful shade of green, the precise tint that of an ivy leaf at its transition stage from bright to dull. The fireplace design admits of deep cupboards at either side, curtained below, and with doors enclosing the upper parts, which make an admirable storing-place for spare cigars, and so forth. The hinges of the doors are of hammered pewter.

Curtains of copper-tinted canvas, with stencilled ornament in shades of green and tan, screen off the recesses and shade the window. There are inviting-looking fireside seats of oak, upholstered in russet-brown leather, finished with a row of large oxidised nails, and the well-designed chairs are carried out to correspond. This is essentially a man's room, and there is nothing in it to disturb the thorough enjoyment of the most inveterate smoker.

DANCING AIDS BEAUTY.

NO BETTER EXERCISE IN COLD WEATHER.

The girls of ancient Egypt were noted for their lithe figures, and never allowed themselves to grow stout; even the middle-aged women were as beautiful of figure as girls in their teens. In the belief that obesity produced old age, and that a slender woman need never look nor grow old, that fat produced rheumatism, heaviness, stiffness, and difficulty in moving about, undue sleepiness, and a difficulty in breathing, they instructed their daughters that no greater misfortune could fall upon them than that of overweight.

Dancing Wards Off Age.

In their youth the Egyptian girls of old times were taught to walk a graceful deal. As their climate was warm they were made to live in the open air. But more than games, more than walking, and more than anything else to keep the figure slender



One of the picture postcards for little artists in Miss Hilda Cowham's painting book. (Raphael Tuck and Sons.)

did the Egyptian girls practise dancing. Dancing was with them not only an accomplishment, but a fine art.

So it will be seen that dancing ranked very high in the estimation of the ancients. And let it should in these days, for not only is dancing a means of entertainment, but by it a woman can keep her beauty, and restore her health, if she will. There were many dances in ancient days, but all were characterised by the same willowiness of movement.

Weight-Reducing Exercises.

One of the prettiest of the dances had the waist movement which is practised to-day in the gymnasium. The dancer bent forward until the palms of her hands touched the floor. Then she rose, swayed to music and bent forward again until the palms of the hands lay upon the floor again.

From the old Greek dances can be learned a few movements that will be of benefit to the woman who is trying to reduce her weight. They were specially adapted to the reduction of the hips, and were designed to make the waist small and the body lithe.

Before beginning these movements, it is necessary to learn the attributes of grace, which are three in number: slenderness of body, suppleness of muscle, length of limb and likeness. To lengthen the limbs, if one is built on a short scale, is not always easy. But there are stretching exercises which are very good indeed.

To Give the Body Grace.

If it is possible to increase the height this exercise will assist. Stand erect, with the clothing loosened, lift both arms over the head, touch the hands together, and sway to the right and to the left. The woman of to-day who is half an inch too short can be pretty sure of raising her stature in this manner.

Now comes the stooping exercise for reducing the size of the hips. Loosen the clothing, stand erect, take a deep breath, and bend forward. Keep stooping until the palms of the hands touch the floor. The first time this exercise is tried it will strain the cords of the legs, and the strain will be felt all day. But it should be persevered in, and every time it is tried the one who is exercising will come nearer and nearer to touching the floor. Within two weeks the finger-tips will touch. After that all will be easy, and the palms of the hands will soon be able to be stretched flat upon the floor.

in front. This is the best-known exercise for the reduction of the size of the hips.

The girl who wants to have supple limbs can practise the hip exercise. She can bend over sideways from the waist line until her arms describe a perfect circle. She should do this first to the right and then to the left, and should keep on practising



One of the comical animals in "Father Tuck's Christmas Annual." (Raphael Tuck and Sons.)

it until she can do it in a very graceful manner. Exercises such as these help the dancer to look her best in the ball-room, and so should be practised now.

UP-TO-DATE IDEAS.

Bronze green, one of the modish colours, comes excellently with deep mauve.

Velvet is fashionable for expensive gowns. It is very soft in texture, and drapes well. Often it is of a shaded variety.

Flowers for hats are large, highly coloured, and of velvet or silk. They are generally dahlias, roses, passion flowers, or camellias.

White, ivory, cream, soft green, hyacinth blue, raspberry, apricot, and corn-colour are tints seen in the new fancy silk blouses.

Force

Serve with bacon.

Beauty.

For cleansing the skin and preserving it from roughness, chaps, blotches, hard water, cold, wind or fog, **ICILMA FLUOR Cream** is unique, and alone imparts the delicate transparent tints that need no powder. Price 1/- Send 2/- stamps for two samples (different scents).

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BUNS & CAKES.

You can make 15 large, light, delicious and wholesome Buns from a 1d. pkt. of Eiffel Tower Bun Flour at a total cost of 3½d. It is so easy to use that a child can make delicious Lemon, Vanilla, or Almond Buns and Cakes with certain success.

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BUN FLOUR

Sold by all Grocers and Corn Merchants, in 1d. and 3½d. pkts.



An illustration from the "Story of the Two Rebellious Dolls." (Ernest Nister, 5s.)

moment of peril, how the brown Gimpack savages caught Pinky and Bluey, and Crusoe rescued them, are stories which will bring peace in many a noisy nursery this Christmas-time. Messrs. Nister's price for the book is 5s.

One can get very handsome effects by making rosettes in the new colours and of the new materials, but the material should be of the best, and there should be no attempt at economy. Too often odds and ends are used for these important garnitures, and the result is anything but handsome. Use none but the best material for rosettes, and plenty of it.

Fels-Naptha

is stronger and quicker than old-fashion soaps; and yet it is mild; they are not.

Go by the book.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E C

FINGER-POSTS TO FASHION.

MEMS. FROM MODISTES.

Copper shades are much in evidence.

Leaves are effective on hats of velvet.

Cashmere is becoming the vogue in Paris.

Squirrel is popular for the linings of wraps.

Russian pony is the favourite fur for motor coats.

For millinery purposes aubergine is the leading purple tint.

Motor caps of fur are round, and have a long cape at the back.

Taffetas, mohair, and satin are the materials chosen for underskirts.

Tartan trimmings in silk and braid are employed for tailor-made costumes.

Leaf-brown in a soft fabric is a preferred shade for house or reception gowns.

Chiffon velours and supple velveteen are the dressy materials of the winter.

Paisley velveteens closely resemble the much-prized shawls of days gone by.

Coffee-jackets for winter wear are made of chiffon velours in delicate shades.

Other Small Advertisements on pages 2 and 16.

Other Daily Bargains on page 2.